

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—In spite of previous promises of harmony for the purpose of securing quick passage of appropriation bills and of legislation necessary in the economic crisis, the Congressional session developed into a bitter wrangle between the President and Congress, and particularly with the Republican members. On December 11, the President made a formal call upon his party leaders to support him. Their answer was that they would give support provided the President would take them more into his confidence. The following day the President agreed to confer hereafter with the party leaders. Anxiety was particularly expressed by him over the \$3,000,000 veterans' compensation bill, the \$60,000,000 drought bill for the farmers, and the provision in the unemployment appropriation allowing the President discretion in spending it. This provision was at first taken out of the bill but later, with the consent of the Democratic conferees, it was restored. The President's triumph, however, was short-lived since two days later, in an attempt by Administration leaders in the House to pass a \$30,000,000 appropriation for the farmers instead of the Senate's \$60,000,000, under suspension of the rules, the

proposal was defeated since the Administration did not muster the required two-thirds vote. Sixteen Republicans deserted the President on this vote. The same day the Senate rejected the conference agreement by which the President was given control of the unemployment fund. A vigorous debate was held the same day in the Senate between Senator LaFollette and Republican leaders on the question of unemployment. The Senator made the accusation that the President had played politics with the figures and had since refused to publish them. The following day the President retaliated by informing the Senate that he could not give a report on unemployment since only notes and verbal suggestions had been supplied him. Again, on December 17, the President took a direct hand in urging swift passage of the unemployment and the drought-relief measures before adjourning for the holidays. Both parties seemed anxious not to adjourn until the bills were passed and a solution was looked for by way of compromise on \$45,000,000 for drought relief and immediate appropriation of funds for the Farm Board.

On December 16, Judge William Clark, of the United States District Court sitting in New Jersey, gave a decision that the Eighteenth Amendment had never really become part of the United States Constitution. He based this decision on Article 5 of the Constitution, which provides for amendments effecting a transfer of power from the States to the Federal Government. According to Judge Clark, such amendments must be approved by constitutional conventions elected by the people of the various States, and not by the regular legislature, as was done. Judge Clark made it clear that his decision was not binding on other District Court judges in his district. The decision was not unexpected but caused great excitement through the country. Within two days Attorney-General Mitchell entered an appeal before the Supreme Court and expected quick action on it.

On December 17, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations decided, by a vote of 10 to 9, to put off consideration of the protocols governing our entry into the World Court until the next session of Congress, in December, 1931. Senator Reed, a Republican leader, put the motion for postponement, and nine Republicans and the lone Farmer-Laborite voted for it. The argument for postponement was that consideration at this time would lead to an extra session in March.

**Austria.**—The failure of the negotiations for an emergency trade agreement between Czechoslovakia and Hun-

gary was expected in Austrian trade and diplomatic circles to react to the benefit of Austrian industry. Premier Bethlen of Hungary was scheduled to pay a postponed visit to Vienna and, unless an eleventh-hour agreement had been reached in the customs war, it was anticipated that the Premier would make arrangements with Chancellor Ender to substitute Austria for Czechoslovakia as a market for Hungarian produce. It was pointed out by press correspondents that Count Bethlen, in cultivating friendlier relations with Austria, would be meeting the wishes of Italy, which is bound by treaty to both countries and so would be glad to see the relationship triangular.

**Bolivia.**—On December 17 the first centenary of the death of General Simón Bolívar, the country's Liberator, was joyfully commemorated. Because of the economic crisis the ceremonies were simple but impressive. In the open air near the Liberator's monument in the capital a colorful Catholic ceremony took place participated in by foreign diplomats and members of the military junta.

**Brazil.**—On December 17 President Vargas appointed the Rev. Astulpho Serra, a Catholic priest, mediator of the State of Maranhão, which is the eleventh largest State in the country. The appointee is well known throughout Brazil and his selection met with the approval of the press both in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. Father Serra is a poet and political scientist, and for some months has been a refugee in São Paulo, having been exiled from Maranhão by the former Government because of his revolutionary writings.

**Colombia.**—On December 15 President Olaya accepted the resignation of the Secretaries of Foreign Relations and Public Works, and Srs. Raimundo Revas and Germán Uribe Hoyos were appointed to the respective portfolios.—On December 17 the Government joined in the general South American celebration in honor of Simón Bolívar. The most important feature of the celebration was the issuance of a manifesto by the national committees of the Conservative and Liberal parties as an act of homage to the Liberator, pledging cooperation to maintain peace and public order, and to retain the present favorable opinion of Colombia. They also agreed to make every effort mutually to secure fair elections in February.

**Cuba.**—On December 5, the Cabinet was reorganized by three Portfolio shifts and the addition of two new members. As reconstructed it included the following: Secretary of Communications, General Manuel J. Delgado, formerly Secretary of the Interior; Secretary of the Interior, Dr. José C. Vivanco, formerly prosecuting attorney of the Supreme Court; Secretary of Education, Dr. Carlos Miguel De Cespedes, formerly Secretary of Public Works; Secretary of Public Works, Dr. Jesús María

Barraque, formerly Secretary of Justice; Secretary of Justice, Dr. Octavio Averhoff. It was generally understood that the appointments were only temporary. A few days later President Machado for the second time in two months imposed press censorship, though its enforcement was less drastic than in November. The following day a Presidential decree removed forty professors of the Provincial Institute on charges of stirring up sedition among the students. New rioting was reported, but President Machado insisted that he would defy his political adversaries and that there would be no question of his resignation. Meanwhile, in Washington, Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, laid before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee what he termed reports of grave conditions in Cuba, asking that though the situation be delicate something be done to comfort the Cuban people who seemed to have no redress in their charges that the policy of the United States was "tending to perpetuate a despotic and radical Government" there.

**Czechoslovakia.**—An endeavor of the Magyar Christian Socialists of Slovakia to bring about, with the co-operation of Msgr. Hlinka's Slovak Popular party, which to date was not in the Government, an Opposition bloc of the "Original Inhabitants of Slovakia," met with a refusal from Msgr. Hlinka and his executive committee. To a Magyar newspaper interviewer Msgr. Hlinka expressed disappointment over the "illusory" results of Slovakian autonomy, and dissatisfaction with the conduct of his party.

**Egypt.**—Premier Sidky in a Conference with the American Minister to Egypt, William M. Jardine, requested that the recent high tariff placed by the United States on the chief Egyptian exports should be reduced. These exports, according to the memorandum presented by the Premier, were cotton, onions and manganese ores. It went on to say that while these exports were vital to Egypt they were not important factors in American trade; furthermore, that the continuance of the high tariff would tend to prevent the Egyptian consumer from purchasing other American goods. The American tariff on cotton and the poor condition of the world cotton market forced the price of Egyptian cotton to the lowest point ever reached. Since Egypt depends almost entirely on its cotton export, the effect has been demoralizing to the country. The political situation remained unstable; Premier Sidky's strong threats and adequate preparations, however, prevented any aggressive acts by the Wafdist.

**France.**—The Cabinet crisis was temporarily met on December 13, when Senator Théodore Steeg, who was the President's fourth choice, succeeded in drafting a list of Ministers from some of the Left and Center groups. After several days spent in preparing a declaration of policy, whose terms, tinged with anti-clericalism, resulted in the resignation of five Ministers and Under-secretaries, the

Trade  
Pact  
Expected

Bolívar  
Honored

Priest  
Mediator

Cabinet  
Changes

Continued  
Unrest

Situation in  
Slovakia

Unstable  
Conditions

Steeg  
Cabinet  
Passes Test



new Government faced the Deputies in a heated session on December 18, and won a precarious life, by a vote of 291 to 284, on the preliminary issue of confidence. As several Deputies abstained from voting, and the Socialists gave no signs of a lasting truce with the other Left groups, it seemed unlikely that the new Premier would be able to maintain his majority under a renewed attack after the holidays.

**Germany.**—The Reichstag adjourned on December 12 until February 3. The closing session found the Fascists and Communists jointly demanding an emergency appropriation of \$75,000,000 for the unemployed. By a combined vote of all the other parties the motion was defeated; for the simple reason, it was said, that no emergency funds were available. The People's party demanded a further cut of \$75,000,000 in the 1931 budget as a protection against an expected reduction in revenues. The Government's fiscal experts rejoined that further budget trimming was impossible since it already provides curtailments totaling \$300,000,000 compared with expenditures this year. However, from a fund to be created from savings obtained through curtailments in the budget of the Foreign Office, a group of middle parties proposed that the Government announce prizes totaling \$25,000 for articles dealing with the influence of German reparations payments on world economy. According to the promoters the Foreign Minister would be authorized to make a world-wide announcement of the competition. The resolution was signed by the Deputies of the People's party, State party, Nationalists and several minor groups. During the Reichstag recess Chancellor Bruening retained his virtual dictatorial control granted through the emergency measures decreed by President von Hindenburg.

**Great Britain.**—Three important developments, at least, took place during the present month in the Indian Round Table Conference. The first was the sudden decision in regard to the separation of Burma from India. The Burmese delegates, after presenting their demands for partition from India and for setting up a government directly dependent on Great Britain, grew restless that no action was likely to be taken. Without previous notice, Prime Minister MacDonald, acting as Chairman of the Conference, announced that the partition would be made and that the matter was not debatable. A committee was appointed to draw up the terms of the new settlement, and a pledge was made that the creation of the new State would be ratified by Parliament. The second development was the solidification of the program made by Lord Sankey's committee in regard to the constitution of the projected United States of India. This Federation would include both the independent Indian States and the Provinces of British India. The States and Provinces would remain, or would be made, autonomous; but certain subjects, of which forty-five were listed, would be controlled by a central government; there would be two legislative bodies in Parliament, in each of which the native and

British States would be represented. The third development was the disagreement between the Hindu and Moslem delegates on the question of a separate electorate, and in consequence, the safeguarding of minority rights. The Moslems demanded the continuance of a separate electorate. Mr. MacDonald, after failing to secure acceptance of compromise suggestions, appointed a sub-committee of twenty-seven members to consider the problem, which was declared insoluble. It was felt that the British Government would be forced to impose a solution on both parties.

**Guatemala.**—On December 13, owing to the serious illness of President Chacón, the Council of Ministers appointed Baudilio Palma, the second designate under the Constitution, to assume the Presidency temporarily. Two days later an armed movement against the new Government was initiated and on December 17 a *coup d'état* in Guatemala City unseated President Palma and installed General Manuel Orellana as head of the military junta which took over the administration. In the change of regime fifty-seven persons were reported killed or wounded. Among the former were the Minister of War, General Mauro de Leon. It was understood that General Orellana would serve as Provisional President only during the illness of the Chief Executive. Opposition to Palma was based chiefly on the fact that in his appointment the first designate, General de Leon, was passed over and that the installation was, moreover, by the Council of Ministers, not by the Legislative Assembly. During the revolt Sr. Palma took refuge in the German Legation. The day before the revolt the United States had officially recognized Palma's Government.

**Jugoslavia.**—Dr. Marinkovich, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, arrived at Athens on December 11 on an official visit. It was generally thought that the recent reports that Greece, under the guidance of Premier Venizelos, was entering into an alliance with Italy, Bulgaria, and Hungary, with none of which countries Jugoslavia is especially friendly, had to do with his mission. Dr. Marinkovich was warmly greeted by the Greek Government and the Greek press. Dr. Marinkovich has for a long time been a strong advocate of general Balkan unity, for the sake of strictly Balkan interests.

**Russia.**—A highly organized anti-Christmas campaign was being set on foot, with the idea "to supplant rows of ikons by bookshelves and holy candles by radio tubes." Plays, films, and anti-religious catechizing of the children were to aid in the war against the Christ-Child idea. Stricter disciplinary measures were decreed for labor, to secure speeding up and stability. Workmen who abandoned their jobs in any given locality, or who showed dissatisfaction therewith, were to be dropped from the privileges of the Government labor unions; thereby losing the right to workers' food and clothing purchases, etc. According to the New York Times Berlin correspond-

Reichstag  
Recess

Revolt

Constitution, to assume the Presidency temporarily. Two days later an armed movement against the new Government

Visit to  
Greece

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Indian  
Conference

Anti-Christmas  
Campaign

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ent, the progress of Soviet Russia's five-year industrial plan so far has not had an appreciable effect in increasing German exports to the Soviet. They continue to constitute about three per cent of Germany's total, whereas imports from Russia continue to show a steady rise. A group of influential German banks recently withdrew from a syndicate which organized a \$90,000,000 Russian export fund in 1926-7.

**Spain.**—What threatened for a time to be a serious attempt at revolution was put down by prompt action by the Government. The movement, which originated on December 12 with a revolt of troops stationed in the town of Jaca, in the Pyrenees, had apparently been planned as a concerted revolt at widely scattered points, but finally resolved itself into three separate attempts: the mutiny at Jaca, the seizure of some planes at the army's flying field near Madrid, and a few strikes in provincial capitals. These events followed each other at intervals of two or three days, thus enabling the Government to cope with each phase separately.

At Jaca, the mutinous troops and their officers disarmed the loyal part of the garrison and took possession of the town. Government forces were quickly mobilized at Huesca, and advanced towards Jaca, meeting the rebels on the way. A brief action took place on December 13, with four or five killed and a score of wounded on each side, after which the rebels broke and fled for Jaca. Pursued by the loyal forces, the rebels laid down their arms and surrendered with a plea for clemency. Five hundred prisoners were taken. Of their leaders, tried by court martial, two were shot and four sentenced to life imprisonment. A few of the rebels escaped into France. A small group of civilians had also taken part with the rebels, but whether they were volunteers or forced conscripts was not clear, in the face of conflicting statements.

On December 15, a dozen aviation officers, mostly friends of Captain Ramon Franco, who had been in hiding after breaking his parole several weeks previously, took possession of four planes at the army airport near Madrid. They were aided by part of the ground forces who overpowered the loyal members of the garrison. The planes flew over the capital and showered down handbills and leaflets announcing that the revolution had succeeded and that it was the duty of all to submit promptly to the new republican regime. Even the name of the new "president" was announced. While the fliers were thus occupied, the Government ordered several artillery units to the neighborhood of the airport, and instructed the gunners to fire over the heads of the ground crews. The latter at once surrendered, and the leaders in their planes fled across the border to Portugal, where they were arrested and interned. Later in the day the Government used planes to announce the escape of the rebel leaders.

December 16 was the day set by the radical labor leaders for a general strike in all the principal cities. Before

it could develop to serious proportions, the Government, with the aid of the army, the civil guard and various volunteer groups, took steps to safeguard shopkeepers and workers who refused to join the strike, and to maintain the essential public services. Fighting occurred in several cities, with unconfirmed reports of casualties. Barcelona and Madrid, where general strikes occurred last month, were comparatively quiet.—The charge was commonly made that the revolt and strike were inspired by Communist agitators. Even some of the Republican leaders arrested as suspects ascribed the failure of the revolution to this fact, saying that it had been impossible to bring other anti-monarchist groups to cooperate with the extremists.

**Disarmament.**—The working out of details of the process of limiting budgetary expenditure on land, sea, and air armaments was begun at Geneva on December 11 by a committee of experts from eleven countries. According to the principle to be followed, expenditure would be limited not by considering the war budget of each country in relation to those of others, but in relation to its own preceding expenditures. This would be done to meet objections by the United States and others to budgetary limitations, on the ground of differing wage scales. However, the United States still remained opposed to this form of arms limitation.—The establishment of a permanent disarmament commission, to meet at least once a year, and provision for world-disarmament conferences to meet at regular intervals in the future, were amongst the fruits of the recent final sessions of the Permanent Disarmament Commission, which ended its labors on December 10. The Commission's plan provides that in the event of a violation of the disarmament convention, or of steps menacing the security of any nation, machinery is set in motion for consultation both by members and non-members of the League of Nations.

Next week's issue will be devoted chiefly to AMERICA's annual review of the year 1930.

William I. Lonergan, for our country, will present a paper entitled "Catholic Action in the United States." He will appraise the progress made along this line, and endeavor to forecast its influence for the coming year.

John LaFarge will write "Pragmatism and Prosperity." This paper will delineate the fortunes of the Catholic idea throughout the world.

Joseph F. Thorning will write a paper entitled "The International Scene," in which around a central theme he will interpret world movements.

Joseph Gschwend, Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, will write of "The Missionary World in 1930" and will give a picture of a movement which is more and more engaging the attention of Americans.

"The Year in Sociology," by Philip M. Burkett, and "Progress in Education," by Dr. Francis M. Crowley, will be valuable records of what has transpired in those two important fields.



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### The Federal Corncrib

NO speaker in Congress has yet dared to defend the Jones maternity bill, or any similar raid on the Federal corncrib, on the ground that provision is made for it in the Federal Constitution. Senator Jones remarks that the Government "appropriates for the fight against hog cholera, and it seems to me that mothers are more important than farm animals," at which point his argument ends. It has never been extended by any other defender of the Jones bill. Some orators have wept over the woes of urchins into whose home a Federal busybody has never penetrated, and others have followed Senator Jones back to the farm. But not one has so much as attempted to reconcile these Federal subsidies with the letter and plain purpose of the Federal Constitution.

In their reticence and evasion, they are wise.

The proposed maternity bureau, the proposed Federal Department of Education, and the actual Volstead Act, with its train of graft, perjury, political corruption, and an increasing death rate from alcoholism, are all cut from the same bolt. Each measure assumes that some one of the police powers, reserved to the States by the Federal Government, can no longer be exercised by the States. The next step is to take this power from the States, and to lodge it in some bureau or Department at Washington. In this manner, the Federal Government is vested with a power which the Federal Constitution forbids it to use, and which it cannot properly exercise, while the States are deprived of a power which they alone can use for the common welfare. Local self-government breaks down, and the Federal Government begins another policy marked at its best by bungling bureaucracy, at its worst by scandal and corruption, and in its usual phases by pitiful inefficiency. The Federal machine is forced to take up work for which it was never intended, and the local machines are forbidden to do the work for which they were organized.

Some weeks ago, Senator Tydings, of Maryland, complained that Congress was unable to consider highly important measures dealing with foreign relations and inter-State commerce, because it was obliged to waste time in debating proposals which should be settled by county courts and city councils. "Congress becomes nothing but a glorified city council when it extends meddling hands into local affairs," exclaimed the Senator with some heat. "What business is it of ours to tell Wheeling, West Va., Bangor, Me., San Antonio, Tex., and Seattle, Wash., how they ought to raise their babies?" In reply, Senator Jones, he of the famous five-and-ten Prohibition atrocity, assured him that child care in these cities fell under the kindly control of Congress because Congress had quite frequently made appropriations intended to foster the health of the domestic pig.

"How far is the Federal Government to continue this mad march of invasion upon the rights of the States?" asked Senator Tydings. The answer is that no limit can be set until a majority of the members of Congress are intelligent enough to know what the Constitution is, and courageous enough to defend it against the industrious lobbyists and the short-sighted philanthropists who are gradually replacing our constitutional form of government by a centralized government of bureaucrats and demagogues.

Some years ago Senator Thomas, of Colorado, said on the floor of the Senate that no bill, backed by a powerful lobby, could be defeated on the ground that it was unconstitutional. Time has justified that contention. The invasion of the constitutional rights of the States by the Federal Government will go on unchecked, until it collides with an intelligent and courageous Congress.

### Coaches, Teams, and Students

AFTER a season or two of defeat, some of the alumni at good old Yale have concluded that "something" should be done "to clear the situation in football." Writing to the *Alumni News*, George H. Ryder, of New York, proposes to abolish the professional coach. The editor agrees with him, in part, but adds that in this gravely important matter, the views of the alumni should be canvassed, before so drastic a policy is adopted. Thus far, no suggestion has been made by the students. It is quite possible that football is not so serious a matter to them as it is to Mr. Ryder, who graduated nearly forty years ago.

It appears to Mr. Ryder that in many colleges football is controlled, lock, stock and barrel, by the coach. "Competing with other coaches for press publicity and their jobs," he writes, "they are using the players as pawns for that purpose. We submit that the whole picture is out of focus, and that a turn about is called for by the responsible leaders before it is too late." Otherwise, he thinks, there is nothing for it but the maintenance by the college of teams to provide the public with amusement, and the coach with a good salary.

We agree with Mr. Ryder that a "turn about" is quite necessary. Of course, even a professional football coach should receive a living wage; our sole doubt, however, is

whether a college should hire a professional football coach. When it does, it becomes involved in a commercialized system which few if any colleges have controlled with notable success.

### Government Insurance of Dividends

**I**T is a Christian principle that the first charge on industry is the worker's wage. Dividends come second. The economic philosophy which prevails today rejects that principle. We have heard of courts insisting that owners be allowed to increase the charge to the public, not because the higher rate meant better service, but simply and solely because without it a regular dividend of six or eight per cent could not be guaranteed. But no one has ever heard of a court issuing orders to any employer to pay his workers a living wage. Nor is there any court, or legislature, Federal or State, or any county or municipal organization, which guarantees a dividend of any kind to the little neighborhood grocery store or meat shop. These establishments must take their chance, and be grateful when they are not demolished by high taxes.

For a good many years this Review has been questioning on ethical and constitutional grounds, the right of the Federal courts to guarantee public-utility dividends. We know perfectly well the constitutional clauses invoked by the high-priced special pleaders, and know too that they are quite generally accepted by the courts. That, indeed, is the burden of our complaint: that a Civil War Amendment, intended to protect the rights of a recently emancipated race, has been turned into an Amendment for guaranteeing and, on occasion, for increasing, dividends. The farmer has no such guarantee, nor has the shop owner, nor the manufacturer. For none of these, was Lee brought to bay at Appomattox, but only for the owners of the public utility.

Resting under this secure shelter, the Federal courts have, in effect, established a new doctrine of special protection for special interests, and have buttressed it with innumerable decisions. Nothing, except Prohibition, has done so much to bring the courts and the Government itself into disfavor, and to establish in the public mind a conviction that the prime purpose of government is to favor the rich at the expense of the poor. The wage earner knows quite well that he need not look for a government-guaranteed return upon his only capital, which is labor. The owner of a few houses does not ask the Government to guarantee the rents, but knows that he must rely upon himself to collect them. The owner of the small shop is quite certain that he can find no relief in Congress or in the Federal courts, should his expenses exceed his receipts. These sources of aid are open only to the corporations which own telephone companies, or railroads, or street-car lines, or sources of light, heat, or power. The plea of public necessity cannot be advanced by the farmer, upon whose products physical life so largely depends. But it can be advanced by the company which sells electricity and the use of a telephone. What is more, that plea will be heard.

We welcome, then, the attack made some weeks ago by

Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, on the theory that it is the proper function of government to guarantee public-utility dividends. Always frank and always Catholic, Dr. Ryan can state an ancient principle in a manner which clothes it with refreshing novelty. "Is it necessary for the owners of railroad stocks to receive six or seven per cent every year? I don't think the railroads will stop running if they do not," said Dr. Ryan. "The sooner industry gets the idea out of its mind that dividends must be kept up, the better will it be for all of us." The first essential to be secured, assuming of course, honest service, is a living wage for the worker, with decent working conditions.

A fair return on the investment is, certainly, a legitimate end. But it must not be considered the first charge on industry. What that inverted philosophy leads to, one glance at the economic history of this country will suffice to show. If there is more wealth in the United States than in any other country in the world, there is also more poverty, and more inequality of economic opportunity.

### College Misfits

**O**N a recent visit to Princeton, the Senator-elect from Illinois succumbed to the lure of the interviewer, and when asked his opinion on the work of the American college, gave it with commendable candor. "American colleges are doing as little as possible for the education of the student," said Mr. Lewis, "and all of everything for sports and amusements." What irked Mr. Lewis more than any other defect was that very few college graduates knew anything about the government of the country in which they lived, and that fewer still were students of the Constitution.

This frank opinion dropped as a stone in the quiet academic pool. Dr. William Starr Myers, who holds the chair of Politics at Princeton, retorted in acid accents that Mr. Lewis was "as ignorant of the work of our colleges as the average politician of the day." But Dean Christian Gauss took another view, and entered a plea of confession and avoidance. Without directly admitting the indictment from Illinois, the Dean contended that of the 1,000,000 young men and women now in college, about 333,333 should be "elsewhere." They might do excellently in the trade schools or in the arts," argued the Dean. "But in the college, they are lamentably miscast for their parts."

What faculty man will challenge the validity of the Dean's plea? Granted that Mr. Lewis has painted too gloomy a picture; granted, too, that the young men who sit at the feet of Dr. Myers rise up to go out into the world scholars in political science. But Dr. Gauss speaks from long and, it may be, painful experience, when he claims that "the first step in the process of keying up the American college is to rid the American college of the misfits."

Dr. Gauss has written the prescription; how it is to be administered is quite another matter. To the layman, however, it is a real mystery why so many colleges are content to open the gates year after year to crowds of



young people who flock there for a variety of reasons, not one of which is academic. To add to the mystery, most of them remain at college for four pleasant years, and emerge, *periculo facto*, bachelors in the arts or sciences. They have acquired, if not an education, the prescribed number of credits.

Today, the average American college is little more than a place where young people remain from their eighteenth to their twenty-second year. Careful selection of freshmen and the comprehensive examination at the end of senior year would make it more like a real college.

### The Voided Eighteenth Amendment

AS Mark Twain once said about the engineers who were trying to make the Mississippi River turn back and run up North, you can admire men with ideas of that size, but you need not necessarily think that they will succeed. The decision of Judge William Clark, rendered in the District Federal Court in Newark, on December 17, recalls Twain's remark. For in effect, Judge Clark holds that there is no Eighteenth Amendment, and never has been.

A glance at the mortality tables, or at the police-court records of our large cities, would indicate that if there is an Amendment, it is singularly inoperative. But that is not Judge Clark's contention. In a lengthy opinion, Judge Clark sets forth that the Amendment was not ratified in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. State legislatures, he asserts, cannot ratify an amendment which effects a transfer of power from the several States to the Federal Government; that can be done only by constitutional conventions called for the purpose by the people of the several States. In brief, the opinion of the court is little more than a restatement of the theory advanced ten years ago by F. X. Hennessy, of the New York Bar, and later elaborated in his volume, "Citizen or Subject?"

As we stated at the time, we believe that Mr. Hennessy's view is correct. Hence we also believe that Judge Clark's decision, as a proper interpretation of the Constitution, calls for respectful consideration. At the same time, we decline to share either the fears of the drys, or the jubilation of the wets. No part of the Constitution, in the sense that it is wholly at variance with the spirit and purpose of that instrument, the Eighteenth Amendment is technically part of the Constitution, and is likely to retain that titular role for a good many years. Judge Clark's ruling affects the case for which it was rendered, and no other. It neither binds nor can bind any other court, State or Federal. It is a noble gesture, which in all probability, will be struck down with sternness, should an appeal be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is only proper to observe, however, that we wish the defendants continued success on appeal, and the Government nothing but confusion. Like the Georgia gentleman in 1865, it is a matter of indifference to us, who whips Sherman, provided that he be thoroughly whipped.

We may be pessimistic in our outlook, but in our judgment, the tyranny, corruption, and contempt of law which

have marked the first ten years of Prohibition, will mark the next ten. We shall have commissions and more commissions, drastic legislation, readily tempered to the lambs who can buy protection, drunken orgies staged by boys and girls at school, and an increasing death rate from alcoholism. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is well to face the probability, so that means of protection may be secured.

But the tendency to evade the provisions of the Volstead Act is also growing; hence, after ten years the Act itself will probably be amended or repealed, or denied the huge appropriation which at present sustains the farce of enforcement. Thereafter, dust will gather on the Eighteenth Amendment, as it has gathered on others—particularly on those adopted after the Civil War for the protection of human rights, but now used only as they can be distorted to guarantee immunity and special privileges to corporations.

It is clear, then, that Judge Clark's noble gesture leaves us unmoved. In the present degraded condition of this country, we find more consolation in hearing about fathers and mothers who are trying to train their children to be temperate in all things, than in the decisions of a dozen Federal courts. But until this foul stain of Prohibition is wiped out, the task of God-fearing parents is more than doubly difficult.

### Heaped Up and Overflowing

IN the first weeks of December, the textile operators in the Danville war sector were working after hours. A task of infinite moment faced them. Forty-seven poverty-stricken families were to be put out on the streets on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day.

The operators planned with careful forethought. On no ordinary day would they carry out their program. For this brutality they chose the very day on which the whole Christian world would recall the story of Joseph going from door to door, to find a place for Mary, and for Her Divine Son, soon to come into the world.

The gentle Francis of Assisi asked the people to give better provender to the ox and the ass on Christmas Day. For it was the ass that bore Mary to Bethlehem; and when men turned the Mother of Jesus from their doors, and she took refuge in the stable, the kindly oxen strove to warm with their breath the Little One in the manger. But Francis was a Christian. In his bosom beat a human heart.

Six centuries later, men in whose hearts there is neither Christianity nor human feeling, planned to turn the poor into the streets on Christmas Day. At the last moment, however, legal counsel for the operators assured the Governor that the date had been changed. "Unless in exceptional cases, they would not be evicted until after Christmas."

What a princely gesture! What an overflowing of good will! Marvelous manifestation of saintly forbearance and of Christian charity!

Need we wonder that Communism is boring into the social and economic structure in this country?

## "Relics of All Sorts"

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

**T**O walk into Independence Hall is like coming back to the old homestead. Your throat tightens a bit (it's so easy to catch cold these days) and you conclude that the lighting is not so good as it once was. Things look somewhat dim.

*(Independence Hall, Chestnut St., between S. 5th and S. 6th Sts. . . . planned in 1729 . . . begun in 1732 . . . completed 1734. "Guide to Philadelphia.")*

You wander into the East Room. On May 10, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met here, the first of many gatherings of the Fathers under this roof. In this room on June 16, 1775, a Virginia planter named George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, and here he resigned his commission in 1783. You remember Thackeray's generous emotion when he described the scene in his "Four Georges."

Within these walls the Declaration of Independence was moved, and here it was signed. At that table John Hancock sat to pen his signature, thinking it, no doubt, a most noble flourish, which it was; and this same John was ever more than a smuggler or a swashbuckler, whatever these new historians may write about him. (Five years later the flags captured at Yorktown were laid on that very table for the edification of Congress.) A red-headed young man, one Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, looked on somewhat deprecatingly when the Declaration was presented to the delegates, as a father who exhibits his first born to the neighbors—ready for praise, but somewhat fearful of criticism. He could write powerfully, this Jefferson, but being slow in the uptake, as the Scotch have it, he did not shine in the hurly burly of debate.

In this room, too, representatives from the States gathered in secret session on May 14, 1787, to deliberate about a new government. When they rose four months later, "a lady asked Dr. Franklin Well Doctor what have we got a republic or a monarchy. A republic replied the Doctor if you can keep it." So McHenry records, in his own manner, adding in a footnote, "The lady here aluded to was Mrs. Powel of Phila."

We have kept the Hall at any rate, and much of the furniture.

*(The chair and table used by Hancock in 1776 are the originals, also the quill box and sandshaker, and twenty-three of the chairs. "Guide to Philadelphia.")*

You pause, and memory stages the thrilling past. Into their places come Washington, *justum et tenacem*, an honest man who stuck to his job and did it, and John Adams, future President, with Samuel, staunch if somewhat crotchety "tribune of the people," and Richard Henry Lee, he who moved the Declaration of Independence, and Henry Lee, Washington's "Light Horse Harry," father of Robert E. Lee. Here Hamilton argued, and retired overborne, but not convinced; and Benja. Franklin told his stories, not afraid to retail wisdom with a smile; and when differences too hotly pressed threatened to send the

delegates home in disunion, moved an invocation to Him upon whom all governments depend. In this chair, perhaps, Button Gwinnett sat, never dreaming of the price his autograph would fetch in 1930, and near him is Benja. Harrison, father of one President and great-grandfather of another. The play grows not tedious but long. Roger Sherman passes before us, with the grave and philosophic Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and Carroll of Carrollton, and James Madison, an energetic little man, always taking notes, and contributing now and then irenic and enlightening remarks which, in conjunction with his merits, have gained him the title of "Father of the Constitution."

*(In various parts of the Hall are pictures, manuscripts, arms, articles of furniture, and relics of all sorts. "Guide to Philadelphia.")*

The East Room darkens, and you see that it is hung with signs of mourning. On a catafalque not three feet from the desk at which Washington sat in 1787, lies Abraham Lincoln. It is an April morning in 1865. Four years ago on his way to Washington, he stood in front of the Hall to raise the flag, and then came into this room. A repose he had not known for years rests upon his gaunt and wasted countenance, and peace has gently sealed the sunken eyes.

You leave reluctantly. Here is a course in American history, more complete than the cut-and-dried affair you "took" at school, and infinitely more vivid. You turn, and before you is the Liberty Bell—the "sacred Liberty Bell," as the Encyclopedia terms it.

*(In August, 1752, the bell was received from England. It weighed 2,000 pounds . . . was cracked the next month . . . recast in May, 1753, adding 1½ ounces of American copper per pound . . . inscription on crown.*

**PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE  
LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS  
THEREOF LEV XXV V X**

*On July 8, 1835, it was cracked and silenced forever while tolling for the funeral of John Marshall, chief justice of the United States. "Guide to Philadelphia.")*

An old, old man, in the undress uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a very little boy, stood hand in hand, gazing at the Bell. Personally, I regard Confederate gray and the insignia of the Sons with a more benign eye; but after all these years we may concede that in his hot youth this old gentleman joined the invaders to destroy the independence of the Southern Confederacy, from motives which he deemed patriotic. In any case, he merited, I thought, the respect always to be accorded men who think enough of their convictions to fight for them. I would have engaged him in speech, but he had no eyes for me as he guided the little lad, so that he could reach out to touch the Bell. "Put y' hand on it, sonny," he quavered, "an' I'll lay mine on top o' yours. Then, when we git home, we c'n say we teched the Libbuty Bell t'gether." And his old hand, tremulous, veined, knotted,



closed over the grimy little paw of the child, who looked up with wide wondering eyes.

Foolish, wasn't it? I remembered a moment in St. Peter's when a poor old Italian was kissing the foot of the statue of the Prince of the Apostles. It was his way of affirming his belief in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in the redemption of man; in the world to come; in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; in all the glorious, flaming facts of revelation.

"Tomfoolery," remarked an American tourist.

For myself, I like such tomfoolery. It is the wisdom of little ones, I think, quite unlike the sophistication of men whose philosophy has led them to the dismal conclusion of respecting nothing. And I can admire such tomfoolery in Philadelphia, as much as I admired it in Rome. The old Italian told himself wonderful stories, no doubt, as he passed out of the Basilica comforted, just as the old Grand Army man leaving Independence Hall with the little boy holding to his hand, talked about those great figures in American history who alone give the Bell, a cracked piece of old junk, any significance at all.

Once upon a time I saw a crowd rapt in reverence by the sight of a pair of John Hancock's knee breeches, enshrined in a case of bronze and glass. My old friend, Mr. Wiltbye, tells me I am in error; that there is no such relic. What I am thinking of, he says, is a suit of George Washington's clothes, hung up on a tailor's frame in the rooms of the Kentucky Historical Society at Frankfort. Perhaps I am; I am sure, however, of the Kentucky exhibit, donated by Colonel George Washington, of Newport, in the same Commonwealth, on whom I was wont to look, many years ago, as the great George's very son. But the principle is the same.

*(We pray before the crucifix and the images and relics of the Saints, because they enliven our devotion by exciting pious affections and desires, and by reminding us of Christ and the Saints, that we may imitate their virtues. "Baltimore Catechism, No. 2.")*

Very properly is room made in this world for relics of all sorts. But people who enshrine John Hancock's knee breeches (or a uniform discarded by the Father of His Country, as the case may be) in a glass house, really should not throw stones at those simple folk who carry about with them a thread or two from the spotless robe of the Little Flower.

#### ON THE CLUMP

Now be at rest, my heart, because thou hast seen  
Beautiful things. Be calm, let not farewell  
Oppress thy temper. These outlive the year,  
Eternal in delight, and, when that's done,  
Eternal in the glimpses of the mind,  
Whose sorrow cannot touch them.

It is time.

Kneel down now, on the hill, in the ring of trees,  
Look seaward to the Isles and say a prayer:  
Look full, and look again: then turn away  
To meet the current of overwhelming days  
With hope, as tossed and shining as a buoy,  
The day will come that brings thee back again.

L. A. G. STRONG.

## Old World Christmas Customs and Superstitions

FANNY KISSEN

IN America the shadow that is cast ahead by the approaching Christmas season appears mainly in the shape of placards urging people to shop early, wrap carefully, address plainly, and mail promptly. But in Europe the weeks before, and even after, Christmas are rich with legends and folklore which have survived through the centuries, particularly in the small towns and villages on the Continent.

In Czechoslovakia, Christmas lasts a whole month, and nearly every day of that period has some special custom or meaning attached to it. All young girls look forward to December 4, St. Barbara's Day. Early on the morning of that day, after the Advent service in church, the country girls go out into the orchards and cut a twig from a cherry tree. This twig is kept in water in a warm room, and if the branch is covered with blossoms by Christmas Day, according to popular belief, the lucky girl who tended it will be married during the coming year. December 6 is a wonderful day for children, for Saint Nicholas comes that day, bringing gifts for all good children.

During the long winter evenings between St. Nicholas' visit and Christmas Eve the women and girls help each other make the warm, fluffy feather beds, meanwhile regaling the children with stories of the Christ Child. When Christmas Eve finally arrives it is a great event. There is a ceremonial, proverb or song for almost every hour of the day. After the family supper the door of the adjoining room mysteriously opens of itself, a silver bell rings, and the brightly lighted, gift-laden tree appears in view. While the younger members of the family gleefully examine their second gift of the season, the old grandmother collects the food left on the table and scatters it to the dogs, cats, and chickens, so that every living creature may share in the holy season.

December 26 is "Koleda," the day of carols. The children make a supposed pilgrimage to Bethlehem, stopping by the way at the houses of friends to sing their carols. To sustain them on their way they receive fruits and sweets from the people visited. The last day of the Czechoslovakian Christmas is January 6, the day of the Three Kings. This is the day when the Three Kings who have traveled from the East to greet the Christ Child return to their homes. Those impersonating the Kings stop at each house on their way, sing about their journey, bless the house, and leave their initials on the door.

The story of the Three Kings as told in some countries at Christmas differs somewhat from the Biblical account of the three Wise Men who followed the star to Bethlehem, although they are supposed to be the same men. The traditional story runs that after their return from Bethlehem they gave up their wealth and went about the earth announcing the birth of Jesus. At one stage of their journey, so the tale is told, they came upon an old woman who was cleaning house. She asked them whither they were bound, and they informed her of the message they

were carrying. She begged them to wait till she should finish her task of house cleaning, when she would join them. But they would not tarry, and went on without her. She worked on quickly, but when at last she was ready they were out of sight. She never caught up with them, and is believed to be still looking for them. In Russia this little old woman is called Baboushka. In Italy she is La Befana, who plays the role of Santa Claus to the children.

The day of the Three Kings is also observed in Spain and the countries which received their Christianity from Spain. In Porto Rico, for example, on the evening before Three Kings' Day the children put grass into boxes which they place by the window. This grass is for the camels of the Kings. That night the children are as restless and excited as our children who hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. The next day the great question is, "What did the Three Kings bring you?" Belgium has a similar custom, but it is observed on St. Nicholas' Day, December 6. Belgian children picture the jolly old Saint as a very old man with a long white beard who gets about on a little donkey. On the eve of the important day the children place on the table a dish of bread, vegetables, or corn. Like the grass left by the Spanish children for the camels of the Kings, this food is for the donkey. In exchange, St. Nicholas leaves sweets and toys.

In some sections of northern Germany the tables are spread on Christmas Eve and the lights are left burning all night in order that the Virgin Mary and the angel who passes overhead while everybody sleeps may have something to eat. In certain villages of Austria lighted candles are placed in the windows so that the Christ Child, who is believed to walk about on Christmas Eve, may not stumble as He passes through the village streets.

Italy has a beautiful custom of showing gratitude to parents on Christmas Day. The children write letters or poems expressing their love for father and mother, and before the Christmas dinner they hide these effusions somewhere on the table, folded in a napkin, under a plate, or under the cloth. Of course the parents pretend not to see the letters until the meal has progressed to a close. Then they show great surprise at the discovery and read the letters aloud to the assembled company, to the huge delight of all concerned.

Somewhat akin to this custom of recognition of parents is the one observed in Serbia. There the next to the last Sunday before Christmas is Mother's Day. Everybody dresses up in the colorful national costume. Great culinary preparations are made, although everybody pretends forgetfulness of the occasion. When the great day arrives the children wait till the mother gives the tacit cue for the festivities to begin by seating herself in a chair and pretending to read or sew. Then one of the children stealthily crawls under the table and ties a string about the mother's feet. When this has been accomplished the rest of the children rush out and group themselves laughingly about her. When she tries to get up and move away they shout, "Mother's Day! Mother's Day! What will you give us to get away?" She ransoms herself by

distributing her gifts. The following Sunday is Father's Day, when father gets the chance to present his gifts.

Along with these local customs quaint superstitions have also persisted down the centuries. Many of these have to do with animals, and probably arose out of the fact that Christ was born in a manger. During the Christmas season the cock, for some reason, is credited with great sagacity. He is believed to know when Christmas is approaching and to crow more often than usual during these nights. This supposedly scares off evil spirits from the holy season. Shakespeare pays tribute to this superstition in these lines from "Hamlet."

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Sheep are said to walk in procession on Christmas Eve. On that night, according to tradition, bees sing and cattle kneel in honor of the birth in the manger. In the German Alps the cattle are said to have the power of speech on Christmas Eve, but whoever purposely plays eavesdropper is sure to die. Many fairy tales have been written around this theme. In Monmouthshire there is a tale of a salmon which appears in the river only on Christmas morning. It permits itself to be caught and handled, but it is considered an impiety to keep it. As nobody has been found who has kept the sacred fish, or even captured it, for that matter, the penalty for such impiety is unknown.

A belief peculiar to England holds that it is a good thing to bake bread on Christmas Eve, and that bread baked then will never grow mouldy. There is a Polish belief that on Christmas night the heavens open and the scene of Jacob's ladder is reenacted, but only those of pure and blameless lives are able to see it. Few dare boast of having seen the sight.

At this season Scandinavia delights in ancient legends of Thor and Odin, although these gods ruled before Christianity. In Norway and Sweden it is customary for every member of the family to take a bath on the afternoon before Christmas. Often it is the only bath taken by the mountain farmer during the year. A symbol of the season's spirit of good will is the custom of placing all the shoes of the household in a row, to signify that during the year the family will live together in harmony.

Sweden's Christmas celebration begins on December 13, St. Lucy's Day, and ends on St. Knut's Day, the thirteenth of January. Early on the morning of December 13, the households of Sweden are awakened by St. Lucy dressed in white and wearing on her head a green crown with lighted candles in it. She carries a tray laden with milk or coffee and plates of assorted little cakes. She is the harbinger of the Swedish Christmas season.

Nothing definite is known about the origin of the Christmas feast. When, where, and by whom it was first celebrated is veiled in obscurity. The exact date of the birth of Christ is not reliably known, for the early Chris-



tians looked upon the celebration of birthdays as a heathenish practice and kept no accurate records of such events. Hence no data are available. At the request of Julius, who was Pope from 337 to 352, St. Cyril made a strict inquiry as to the exact date and reported that the Western Churches always held it to be December 25. About the middle of the fourth century Julius established the festival at Rome on that date.

This coincided with the winter solstice which pagan Europe had been celebrating for unknown ages. The early Church Fathers reconciled the heathen converts by adopting the more harmless features of their ceremonies and festivities. Some of the ancient rites and customs of the universal winter festival still survive in the modern

celebration of Christmas in more or less modified form, particularly as observed in Europe. The holly and the mistletoe, invariably associated with Christmas, are found in Druid worship. Various other survivals and transfers of customs may be traced.

England was the country in which the idea of a "merry" Christmas took firmest root, and it is from England that most of our American customs come. The Puritan rule almost annihilated the delightful festivities associated with Christmas, for the Puritans regarded it as a pagan holiday. In Massachusetts, for a time, its observance was forbidden by law. But the restoration of the kings in England brought back the holiday as a time of feasting and good will.

## A Christmas Play of the Southwest

JULIA NOTT WAUGH

PIETY and pleasure are the keynotes of "Los Pastores," the Mexican Christmas play of our Southwest. This naive drama, which recounts the journey of the shepherds to the inn at Bethlehem, has been presented for 200 years over a country stretching from California southwestward to the Gulf. It had its genesis, no doubt, in some Spanish miracle-play adapted by the Franciscan missionaries to make real to their Indian charges not only the story but the ethical significance of the Nativity. Somewhere along the line it ceased to be an affair of the Church, however, and was taken over by the players themselves.

Today it is given by peasants of the humblest order in far-away towns of old Mexico, in the sun-baked villages of Texas and New Mexico, and even on those lonely ranches whose stark acres stretch along the Rio Grande. But San Antonio, which was fathered by the Franciscans, which has today a Mexican population of 70,000, may properly be called the home of this religious drama on to which has been embroidered the symbolism and the crude humor of the people who have cherished it.

Here, as elsewhere, it is presented by bands of simple folks for two most excellent reasons: they feel that they are performing a religious duty, and they thoroughly enjoy the dramatic aspects of the entertainment. The season lasts, officially, from Christmas Eve through the Feast of the Epiphany. But there is no rule about "Los Pastores" that cannot be, and is not, light-heartedly broken. If it rains so that the out-of-doors labor of the players is interrupted (it rains sometimes, even in the Southwest); if the weather is so cold that the cement will not pour (it is cold sometimes, even in San Antonio); if anything whatsoever occurs to induce idleness and consequent poverty and depression, the actors continue to solace themselves during some weeks by giving their play, and the people by going to it. For this is, of course, a free offering by the poor for the poor.

The two best-known *empresarios* in San Antonio are Alonzo, a black-browed expressman who looks quite capable of braining any player who forgets a line; and Granado, a smiling Mexican who, very appropriately,

keeps a fruitstand. These men, with their bands of actors, go about the Mexican quarter giving their play wherever they are invited, the sole condition being that a Crib shall have been set up. They are to be found at the Chapel of the Miracles, a little shrine beloved of these people in Ruiz Street; they appear occasionally at the parish house of one of their churches; but most often, and most picturesquely, they give their play in the yard or in the stable of some poor Mexican family who delight to honor them.

Imagine two or three hundred dark-visaged, wide-hatted men and black-shawled women, with their young about them, gathered beside an outlying *casita*. The town is over the hill yonder, but only a few of its lights are visible. Out here in the blackness we feel the velvet quality of a low-hanging sky, star-jeweled. There is the quiet of some far hillside along the Rio Grande. The *nacimiento*, the place of the Birth, is sheltered by a rude structure of canvas and poles, and lit by oil lamps and candles. The Christ, a diminutive figure in a pink silk dress, sits stiffly in a high chair. About Him are grouped, as usual, Mary the Mother, Joseph, the Wise Men, the animals; and in addition whatever possessions this poor family and their friends hold to be precious—a decorated door-stop, a finely woven basket filled with flowers, the trinkets of the women, even the best-loved toys of the children. What might be called an aisle leading to the *nacimiento* is the stage, and the people mass on either side. Behind them are the derelict Fords, the rattletrap wagons, the chickens, the asses, the goats and dogs of the establishment. The play goes on, perforce, to the intermittent accompaniment of the clucking and stamping and baying and bleating of the surprised live stock.

A few seats have been provided near the Crib, but for the most part people who would sit have brought their own chairs or resigned themselves to the ground. At the farther end of the aisle a fire alternately blazes and smoulders. It represents Hell, and is extremely comforting to the chilling fingers of both actors and spectators. Beyond, a sort of rude shelter from which the players emerge. The majority of the people stand, shifting from

place to place through the interminable performance. The men and boys and grandmothers assuage their physical discomfort with incessant cigarettes. The errant children are bright-eyed with delight. And the babies in arms behave as little Mexicans usually behave on such occasions: they take an alert interest in what is happening or they go tranquilly to sleep.

The cast comprises some twenty-four characters, but like everything else in the play the number is variable. There are usually, however, St. Michael, the twelve shepherds with their leader, and Gila, their cook (strictly speaking, the only woman in the play); the Hermit; the devils, Lusbel, Satanás and their five aids; and most remarkable of all, that wild Indian who chanced to be living in the hills of Judea. The costuming differs from locality to locality, from band to band, and from year to year. But it is always wonderful to see.

Granado's shepherds wear pink muslin jackets trimmed with tinsel or lace or beads, and sometimes with all three, according to the taste and resources of their wives and mothers and sweethearts. Their hats, soft felts of the genus Stetson, are covered with pink tissue paper and given a cavalier air by the simple process of turning them up on one side. They, too, are decorated with tinsel and ribbon and sometimes with tiny mirrors. Each man carries, slung over his shoulder, a small, bedecked satchel to indicate that he is a traveler. The crooks which are the distinctive detail of the costume, are elaborate affairs wrapped with tissue paper, rising into much ornamented crowns with many little bells attached. The Hermit wears a more or less conventional Friar's habit, with an immensely long rosary made of spools from which a great crucifix depends. St. Michael, whose part is taken these days by a little girl, wears a white outing dress, with white foot gear and a tinsel crown, while Gila is, quite improperly, almost as finely dressed as the angel.

The costuming of the devils rises to the height of art. The subsidiary imps wear tight black garments, their heads disappearing into animal masks with features emphasized and simplified in such ways as to make them expressive of all evil. Satanás is in red and black in the usual Mephisto tradition. But Lusbel, who is a magnificent fellow, wears a skirted and caped costume of black lace over crimson flashing with silver bangles (inspection shows them to be carefully cut pieces of tin), or sometimes when he is even more grandly arrayed, with numberless little mirrors. His Samson locks and vigorous beard express his strength, and a wondrously wrought crown proclaims him king. The Indian, who has a part in the play for the sound reason that the producer and the audience like him, is much clothed in red and black, with the conventional head-dress of feathers, the reddest of red stockings, and the stoutest of Mr. Douglas's shoes.

So much for the audience. So much for the actors. Hour after hour the play drags on, from eight or nine or ten in the evening until one or two or three in the morning. It is partly spoken, partly sung, and the only accompaniment is the ringing of the many little bells, on the shepherds' crooks. The music is Aztec in origin,

we are told, and certainly it bears but a far-away relation to Spain. St. Michael announces to the shepherds who watch by night on the hillside that a Child who is to conquer evil has been born of a Virgin. They prepare to go to him, setting out on the journey with Gila. Somewhere along the way they are joined by a Hermit, who is said to represent the Church, but who takes at times the part of a sort of benignant clown, immensely popular with the audience. The news reaches the forces of evil, also. Lusbel calls Satanás and his imps into conference. Resolving to combat and to overcome the influence of this Child, they, too, take the road. The devils meet the shepherds, give battle and subdue them. But a second encounter takes place in which St. Michael, drawing a sword as long as he is, fights with Lusbel, conquers him, and stands with his foot on the form of the prostrate king to proclaim the completeness of his victory.

The shepherds, continuing on their way, arrive before the manger. The Child is unveiled by Gila. Then each man goes forward and falling to his knees sings his greeting and makes his offering. The gifts are of the simplest, a bit of food, a musical instrument in miniature, a toy, whatever small thing these poor men possess. There is nothing comic in the picture of a shepherd in a pink muslin coat and a cavalier's hat of tissue paper, offering a scarred top to a Christ in a pink silk dress. In the atmosphere created by these people it is profoundly fitting. The last gift is presented. Then there bursts from the shelter at the back that vividly and completely clothed Indian. The people make way, and with reason. For to the accompaniment of an harmonica the Indian indulges (joined for brief intervals by the Hermit, his flapping robe disclosing the blue jeans beneath) in a sort of glorified tap dance, but wilder and more varied than any tap dance possible to imagine. Smiles flash across tragic faces. People cheer and applaud. They have come to have a good time, and they are having it. The dance is presumably in honor of the Child, and perhaps it is also in celebration of St. Michael's recent victory. In any case, it is highly satisfactory to the audience. As wildly as he has come, the Indian disappears. The atmosphere changes. The shepherds light candles, and standing before the *nacimiento* sing their good-night song.

Then follows a scene of pious charm. The yellow candles are flickering low. A misty darkness enwraps the place. A little girl goes forward and with a manner of utmost reverence takes the Christ from his chair and removes his dress. A man and a woman kneel before the *nacimiento*, each holding in one hand a lighted candle and supporting with the other a tray of little dun-colored candies. On this bed of sweets the girl lays her precious Image. Then comes the procession of the Faithful to do homage, and if they wish, to make some small offering. An old, old woman, white haired, toothless, wrapped in her black shawl. Behind her a little boy heavy with sleep. Then a workman in blue jeans. A young girl with jeweled combs in her shining hair, wearing a sleazy satin dress. A mother with a child on her arm and another pulling at her skirts. All sorts and conditions of Mexicans, all ages and types, come in the chill hours of the early



morning to adore the new-born Christ. Most of them kneel to kiss the foot, a few lean forward to brush the hand with their lips. But at least twice a small girl, with hands extended, looking quickly about with a little frightened air, greatly daring, bends urgently and kisses the Child full on the lips.

The last of the devotees files by. Announcement is made of the place and date of the next "Pastores." The little girl is reverently dressing the Infant preparatory to returning him to his appointed place. The players are assembling on the farther side of the yard for supper. The people are trudging off into the darkness.

## Protestants and the Term "Catholic"

HILAIRE BELLOC

I HAVE pointed out in these columns more than once the singular fact that here in England, more than anywhere else, the Catholic culture (to which the Protestant culture naturally objects) is never called by its name.

Men like to get out of the straightforward expression *Catholic* by using all sorts of side phrases. For instance, they will talk of the "Southern Irish," of the "Southern Germans." They will contrast the Belgian and the Dutch to the disfavor of the former, to the praise of the latter. They are very fond of the word *Latin* when they want to say something nasty about Italians or Spaniards or even Frenchmen. But they do not say "Catholic" though "Catholic" is what they mean.

Now why is this? I have long puzzled over it. It is a most interesting problem—it is always interesting to get at the back of a man's motives and methods when he is hiding something from you—and I think I have solved the problem.

I think the reason is this: that the Protestant attitude towards religion is that religion is a private affair. It is essentially a matter for the individual conscience and the individual experience. Corporate tradition is by Protestant theory without authority. Only what you have yourself felt directly within your own mind by an individual sensation can be sworn to as truth.

That, I say, is the very first principle of Protestantism. It follows from this principle that religion must never be supposed to differentiate one society from another. Climate, race, language may mark off societies one from the other, each from the rest. But not religion. Religion may differentiate individual characters one from the other; it may cause a Modernist to have a different way of going on from a devout Mormon; a devout Mormon a different way of going on from a Wesleyan; a Wesleyan a different way of going on from a High Anglican. It may leave its stamp even upon the features of the individual human face, but it cannot create a whole society, because society is a corporate affair, and religion, in the Protestant mind is (if I may coin the expression) an "anti-corporate" affair.

The Protestant principle may indeed admit that a number of men having somewhat similar private religious experiences may be grouped together and will show several common characteristics. It may admit that a social group,

composed of Congregationalists, will be different from a social group composed of Christian Scientists. But still Congregationalism and Christian Science stand not on authority but on private selection and are therefore private affairs and therefore, again, not finally formative of whole civilizations.

For the same reason, because religion is thus regarded as a private affair, there is thought to be something offensive and ill-bred in, what they would call, the "dragging in" of the religious factor. Many a man who will vigorously express his contempt for "Latins" or the "Southern Irish" would hesitate to express his contempt for "Catholics" in public. It is part of his doctrine that religion must be respected, just as a man's family feelings must be respected, and this I take to be the root of the strange habit which we find in use all round us of calling the Catholic culture by any other name but never by the name Catholic.

As it seems to me, it would be all to the advantage of Catholicism that people should be gently led back in this affair to telling the truth; and that when any one uses the term *Southern Irish* or *Latins* or any of these supposed euphemisms it would be as well to suggest that perhaps they really mean a difference in religion and therefore in social spirit.

To get people back into the habit of telling the truth would do political good in general as well as religious good in particular. It is a real political weakness for people to imagine, as they do come to imagine by using these false terms, that such and such a rival or competitor is not what he is but something else; those, for instance, who love to express their contempt for the Belgians and their satisfaction with the Dutch, and who see it perpetually implied in all sorts of leading articles and books, and by forgetting that half of the Belgians are of the same race as the Dutch and of virtually the same language, while nearly half the Dutch are, by this time, Catholic; those who despise Italians and admire Prussians, may end by mistaking altogether the chaos into which Prussia has fallen and the new strength of Italy.

We have already discovered since the War how quite wrong-headed people were to take it for granted that Poland could not survive. They made that mistake through a contempt for the Polish religion, that is, for Catholicism. They may not have known that that was their reason, but it was their reason. It has not only misled them badly in foreign policies during the past ten years, but it might even have tragic consequences in the future—I mean tragic for this country; and it certainly will have exceedingly bad consequences for this country if it continues to under-estimate the strength of the new Italy.

I maintain, therefore, that it is of practical importance, in this very vital department of general conversation and writing, to restore the use of all words corresponding to realities, and to make people understand that what they dislike in the nations of Catholic culture is their Catholicism; not their race; not their language; not any of the external less important things, but the root of the affair, that which informs the whole, the religion in which their national history is rooted.

# Simon Bolivar, Father of Six Nations

W. COLEMAN NEVILS, S.J.  
President, Georgetown University

ON December 17, 1930, the six Bolivarian Republics, Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru and Venezuela, commemorated, with elaborate ceremony, the first centenary of the death of Simón Bolívar, the Great Liberator. In the United States the principal celebration was in Washington; a solemn Requiem Mass at St. Matthew's Church, an afternoon conference of the Diplomatic Corps at the Pan-American Union, and commemorative exercises in the evening at Georgetown University. All of these sessions were attended by the highest officials and representatives of the United States and South America.

For a hundred years honors have been paid "the Great Man of the South" by those countries for whose independence he fought and died; it is not surprising to find great statues reared to him in all the large cities of South America. But like honors have been paid him in monuments in England, France and Mexico; on April 19, 1921, a handsome equestrian statue was unveiled to Bolívar in Central Park, New York. Best of all, we find that Spain with chivalrous graciousness has reared a splendid monument in Madrid, a memorial fountain in the land of the Basques, whence Bolívar drew his heroic blood.

In addition to these eulogies in stone Bolívar has won the interest and admiration of a widely differing set of well-known geniuses; his praises have been written by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator; Byron, the English poet; Humboldt, the German philosopher; Victor Hugo, the French novelist; the great Polish and American patriot, Kosciusko; the Napoleonic ruler of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte; the Swedish King, Bernadotte; together with our greatest orator, Daniel Webster, have been among his ardent admirers. Bolívar was particularly fortunate in possessing the high esteem of Lafayette and of the family of George Washington.

In the archives at Georgetown University there is preserved a letter which Bolívar wrote to the French and American General in which he thanks him for souvenirs lately received from the Washington family in Mount Vernon, among these being a medallion which Bolívar is said to have worn upon his breast with a locket of Washington's hair. Lafayette said in his letter: "My religious and filial devotion to General Washington could not be better recognized by his family than by honoring me with this commission they have entrusted to me." Bolívar in his answer says: "A gift from Washington presented by Lafayette is the crown of all human rewards."

It is regrettably true that in the United States today far too little is known of the astounding military and civic achievements of Simón Bolívar. There is an epic grandeur in the enumeration of his conquests; his powers as a statesman in the face of adverse conditions and unheard-of trials are an inspiration; his self-denial, his charity and considerateness read like the life of a saint.

There is, however, but one phase of which we wish to treat here—his status as a Catholic. It is not an uncommon thing among certain fluent writers to take it for granted that any progress in the body politic, especially in South America, arises as a matter of course from those who are quite agnostic and altogether anticlerical. This is asserted with all the more assurance when there is any question of the independence of the state and the freedom of the people.

In the March-April 1930 number of the *Revista Chilena*, published at Santiago de Chile, there is a scholarly article by Jaime Eyzaguirre entitled *La Expulsion de los Jesuitas y la Independencia de America*, in which he proves beyond question the loyalty of the Jesuits to the cause of freedom in South America. It is well to note that in the various revolutions from which arose the several South American Republics, religion paid no part whatsoever. The movements for independence were not only not opposed by the clergy, but in many cases were helped by the large numbers who embraced the cause of freedom and allied themselves with those who fought against Spain.

Msgr. N. E. Navarro, in a recent number of the *Boletín de La Academia Nacional de la Historia*, Caracas, Venezuela, gives a brief but forceful proof of the genuineness of Simón Bolívar's Catholicism. The distinguished historian refers to a volume published by a Costa Rican writer, Octavio Castro Sabrio, in which there is a complete refutation of the claim made that Bolívar was anti-religious. While in no way attempting to prove that the Liberator was a man of eminent piety, scrupulously exact in religious observances, the distinguished Monsignor shows with documentary evidence that Bolívar was always a sincere Catholic without the slightest tinge of anticlericalism—in fact, taking into consideration his extremely active and hectic life, a *good* Catholic. Of course, his many glorious conquests and victories, his remarkable pronouncements as a statesman, his splendid achievements as a civil ruler so crowd the pages of his biography that we are apt to lose sight of his religious attitude and practice. It is well to note that when in Bolívar's statements religion is spoken of without an adjunct, he naturally refers to the Catholic religion; it was the only one he knew, the only one he believed and practised, in fact, the only one with which he had any intimate contact. When in his farewell address he begs "the ministers of the sanctuary to send prayers to heaven" for the preservation of peace and union, he is thinking only of Catholic ecclesiastics; when in his last prayer he prays to be surrounded by the "Christian priests of his country," he knew only of those of the Catholic Church.

The Italians have a saying, though in barbarous Latin, *morixit sicut vixit*—he died as he had lived. If this is true of Simón Bolívar then in his last hour we have proof



positive of his genuine Catholicism. On December 17, 1830, at one o'clock in the afternoon the soul of the Great Liberator passed to a greater freedom. His had been a stormy life.

When a young man, he had stood with his tutor, Father Simón Rodríguez, upon Mount Aventine in Rome and swore to devote his days to the cause of the independence of his country. When upon his first visit to France he had seen Napoleon as first consul of a Republic, he almost adored the Corsican; but when he returned later and found him crowned Emperor, and later still saw him make himself King of Italy, he exclaimed: "Napoleon has made of himself King! To me all his former splendor seems but a flash of hell fire." He returned to South America and during the eighteen years that remained of his mortal life, all his energies were given to the cause of Independence. To remain steadfast in his great oath he had to fight not only against Europeans, but even at times against his own intriguing generals. He became, to quote from Lafayette's letter, "the great citizen upon whom South America has bestowed the title 'The Liberator,' a title confirmed by two worlds." He drove the Spaniard back to Europe and freed what we know today as six great Latin-American Republics. Yet his last days were melancholy; in the end he was abandoned by the very men he had made free. At Santa Marta, on the shores of Colombia, at the age of forty-seven, he died almost an outcast. In his last delirium he called to his servant boy: "See, José, they are driving us from here. Let us go away. But where shall we go?"

A few days before he had written down a last prayer which we venture to translate: "I know I am about to die. My hour is come. God calls me. Now must I prepare to render Him an account of my life, a terrible account as has been my tempestuous life. I desire to breathe my last in the embrace of my dear old comrades, surrounded by the Christian priests of my country, with the crucifix in my hands." The emblem of his faith was not only his consolation but his inspiration in death. Ten days before he issued his last proclamation:

"Colombians, you have seen my efforts to establish freedom where tyranny once reigned. I have worked unselfishly, sacrificing my fortune and my peace. I resigned my command when I was convinced that you did not trust my loyalty. My foes have availed themselves of your credulousness, and they have trampled upon what to me is most sacred and dear—my love of your independence. I have been a victim of my persecutors who have driven me to death. I forgive them."

The Republic of Bolivia has won its name from the great Liberator. Last year the President of that country in cabling his congratulations to the Holy Father on his fifty golden years of priesthood said: "As the Catholic head of a Catholic nation I join with you in your jubilation." And upon this centenary of Bolívar's death the Hierarchy of the United States have seen fit to send in most gracious letters felicitations to their brethren in South America, promising cooperation "in preserving to posterity those Catholic ideals and Catholic principles which ever found a defender in Simón Bolívar."

## Sociology

### The Employment Office and the Negro

FRANCIS GILLIGAN, S.T.D.

WHITE Americans are, at present, keenly conscious of the embittering and demoralizing evils of unemployment. They will to labor but cannot secure work. They will to provide themselves and family with a decent living but cannot secure an adequate wage. Actually, though, they are merely experiencing a condition with which the Northern Negro has been thoroughly familiarized.

For more than half a century, the Negro living in the North has experienced grave difficulties when seeking employment. At one time many menial occupations, such as that of waiter, barber, coachman, were open to him, but the immigrant crowded him from one, and then from another. The occupations over which he now enjoys a partial monopoly are not sufficient to give satisfying employment to the entire race. If he turns from those, and seeks work in the numerous activities in which white citizens secure a living wage, he is invariably disappointed. During the World War the doors of some factories and plants were opened to him. But that innovation did not represent a change of heart. That open-door policy was temporary, occasioned by powerful economic forces over which neither employer nor worker enjoyed extensive control. Since then the Negro has often stood in the employment office, and seen the white applicant hired, while he was rejected because of his color.

Those discriminatory practices by which he has been denied a change to more lucrative and congenial forms of employment, he has repeatedly denounced as wrong and unjust. Yet without any consciousness of doing wrong, white Christians have cooperated in those practices. One race has insisted upon projecting Christian principles into social and economic contacts; the other race has in part disregarded their application. Their material positions were different, as also were their viewpoints. But at the present time, both groups are encountering the evils of unemployment, and both are speaking strongly about injustice. The present should be an opportune occasion for examining sympathetically the moral character of such discriminations.

The employer who has refused to engage Negroes in any capacity besides that of porter, usually alleges two reasons in justification of his conduct. The reasons appear plausible and even cogent to many Americans. One reason is that the Negro worker is not so efficient as the white worker. This is a traditional belief. If it is true, then the employer would undoubtedly be justified in discriminating in favor of the white race. But is it true? During the last eight years a large amount of testimony relative to this point has been collected and analyzed. Those employers in Chicago, Detroit, and other large cities, who during the War engaged large numbers of Negroes and retained them in part, were questioned. The majority reported that the Negro workers, when properly selected, were as competent as white workers. It seems

to follow that the statement of the employers is the expression of a traditional opinion rather than the reflection of a scientific experiment.

The second reason given is that the introduction of colored workers into a plant causes unrest among the employes, and consequent inefficiency. There are manufacturing concerns whose efficient operation has been seriously disturbed when Negroes were employed, while other factories, employing Negroes in the same department with whites, operate efficiently. The owners of the latter find no greater amount of friction than that which exists where men of various national origins are grouped together. It is probably within the truth to say that if the policy of the administration is firm, and if the employes enjoy fair working conditions, the tactful introduction of colored workers will not disrupt the efficient operation of the plant.

These two reasons are readily accepted by employers, and repeated because they seem to explain and vindicate their conduct. They are conscious of a discrepancy between American ideals and their own attitudes. But even though it were proven to the average employer that the introduction of competent colored workers would not disrupt the efficient operation of his factory, he would not, in all probability, change his policy. And the ultimate explanation is that he would not feel morally obliged to do so. Most employers believe themselves to be absolutely free to engage whom they wish. But are they free? The Negro denounces such practices as wrong and unjust. In the light of Catholic teaching are the employers free of all moral restraint? Or does an employer act unjustly who arbitrarily refuses to make an earnest effort to employ the competent Negroes that apply?

Catholic moralists have regarded the employer as something more than a private individual. They have contended that he occupies a social position; that he is the distributor of the nation's wealth. Because of that position they insist that the obligation of paying a living wage rests upon him. If it is true that the employer is the distributor of the nation's wealth, it is also true that he is the distributor of unemployment, of the opportunities for securing a livelihood. If it is true that the employer is morally bound to pay a living wage, it seems to be also true that he is obliged to give employment to every efficient applicant, regardless of nationality or color.

The employer is not entirely free to do as he wishes. He holds a social position. If he employs the members of one race only, he is using his office for the advancement of one race and the hindrance of another. He is abusing his office. He is most probably committing an injustice. Clearly, the Negro has a God-given right to reasonable access to the source from which a decent livelihood may be secured. Interpreted in modern American life, that right implies the prerogative of being free from restrictions and serious obstacles, when seeking work in commercial houses and industrial plants. Those are the chief sources of material life. The Negro who is denied employment because of his color, is denied reasonable access to the source at which many Americans obtain for themselves and family, the means to a wholesome living.

Throughout this discussion the existence of vacancies in the plant has been assumed, and likewise the supposition that the buyer of the product is not vitally prejudiced against the use of colored labor. It may be further qualified by the statement that if the employer makes a serious effort to employ competent Negroes, and if the objections of white workers jeopardize the efficient operation of the plant, then he is released from the obligation. In such cases the responsibility for the discrimination rests upon the white workers. Yet those employers who control virtual monopolies are bound to a more persistent effort than those operating keenly competitive businesses.

In a subsequent article we shall examine the obligation of the white worker toward the Negro; and also the popular objection that the obligation of American industrial groups toward the Negro is satisfied, if the Negro can secure any employment which provides him with the necessities of life.

## Education

### Convert Work for College Students

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

FACULTIES find that students are most generous in contributing dollars, half-dollars, quarters (I leave to pastors mention of the proverbial penny), to found a bursar for educating *someone else* to be a missionary. But when it comes to students' postponing their lunch a half-hour to attend a voluntary Sodality meeting—finish the sentence according to the limitations of your own glass house. For there are Catholic parents, with similar financial generosity, who thwart, nevertheless, a son or daughter eager to answer the vocation of the Master, "Go, sell all you have and come, follow me." Such parents will send their offspring to an agnostic or worse type of secular university for the sake of marriageable prestige, even though the more precious wedding garment of faith be lost. Perhaps the puzzle of One Flock and One Shepherd is a little less complicated, when we humbly strike our own breasts.

In considering college students and active works of zeal, what distinctively lay opportunity have they? Some colleges encourage catechetical instruction by student-preceptors to neglected children. This is very practical and surely praiseworthy. Others have lecture clubs on such subjects as Dante, Lourdes, the Little Flower, Joan of Arc, the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, the Mass, the Crusades, etc. The English colleges prepare Hyde Park speakers to cope with the soap-box hecklers.

Just how practical the last would be in the United States is not evident. I have personal knowledge, though, of very practical zeal on the part of college students in what are called Inquiry Classes.

Three years ago Archbishop McNicholas requested Warren S. Lilly, S.J., Professor of Apologetics in Xavier University, Cincinnati, to inaugurate such a city-wide Inquiry Class for non-Catholics. The Fontbonne, a Catholic Y. W. C. A., with its modern and attractive accommodations, was fortunately placed at the priest's disposal. Two hundred people have been present at a single



meeting, while thirty have been under instruction at one time. Eighty converts have made their profession of faith. Some of these have entered the convent or seminary. Archbishop McNicholas assigned young diocesan priests to participate in the work, and thus to prepare themselves for founding new Inquiry Classes. This convert instruction, like all education, is slow and requires individual attention. In their need, the clergy turned to Catholic college students.

Now the ordinary run of these young men need little prodding to ask questions, and so the exercise of this faculty is their first contribution to the Inquiry Class. They put questions that are searching and fundamental, the kind they would direct to an opponent in debate. The audience recognizes the mirroring of its own mind. A lively and friendly discussion ensues and soon the modest, if not bashful, non-Catholic auditors follow the interrogatory lead of the college students. In turn the latter volunteer their services in instructing the former. The catechism is the textbook, with the college student elevated to a mythical teaching platform. "Guests are not embarrassed in any way," is one of Father Lilly's slogans. Under such a safeguard the good work progresses.

Student-instructors have friends, particularly female, outside the Church, whom with a view to the future they should wish to see Catholics. Naturally these are invited to attend. In turn they bring their non-Catholic friends and acquaintances. These are frequently students at a secular university. Now the difficulties of this last class are primarily ethical and moral. Birth control, companionate marriage, divorce, loom largest on their horizon. The Catholic college student makes use of all his religious schooling, while he learns a new experimental lesson, namely, the danger to morals at certain universities. Nor is this lesson confined to his association with non-Catholic students. To the Inquiry Class come graduates of parish and Catholic high schools who have entered the same type of university. With these it is loose thought that has too often shaken their religious foundation, and their call for spiritual help increases the youthful preceptors' thanks for a Catholic college education.

In enlarging the fold of his Inquiry Class, Father Lilly makes use of his turn as preacher to the Catholic college assemblies. Some students have non-Catholic parents. Behold, then, says the preacher, an opportunity for a zealous son to invite such a father or mother to see him in a teaching role. The invitation will have a different aspect from that of being formally invited to take instruction in the Catholic religion. A parent's indifference of years toward the true Church may be broken down after watching his son in action as an instructor.

The first Inquiry Class rushes in *medias res* by exhibiting the confessional box. Immediately, of course, the text, "Whose sins, etc.," is explained to the inquirer. It is the Foch system of attack and, not to be irreverent in the use of words, the grace of God is counted on to sustain the charge. "Insist on the act of contrition," are the orders of the day. The man who breathes this act in all sincerity cannot refuse to make his confession. The grace of God has done the rest.

It is in the personal conferences which follow each Inquiry Class that the college students principally exercise their zeal. The instruction to them is to talk religion. The following is a favorite illustration.

"What have you learned from the class this evening?" the non-Catholic is asked. "Oh, a great deal." "Well, then, tell me the difference between the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth." For fear that such an attack might lead to embarrassment, there are several "Don'ts" given to the assistant. Necessary rhetorical emphasis is apparent in "Don't attack the false; build up the true." "Don't offend; defend." And a twinkle of the eye in "Don't prolong the conversation till the other party is exhausted." Fundamental common sense in "Don't contradict, ridicule, lecture, bulldoze, laugh at anyone." On the positive side, the college student is to have plenty of ammunition, confession, divorce, celibacy, Latin service, necessity of religion, etc., and to know how to use the ammunition.

The young assistants are instructed to insist on ocular and concrete evidence, the appeal to the senses. When I tell you that the main argument is from apostolicity, you may think I am contradicting my previous statement. But first this note of apostolicity is pictured on a chart. It was drawn by a graduate of West Point, John P. Markoe, S.J., and is a graph representation of the Church's foundation by Christ and its growth through 1,900 years, contrasted with the origin and spread of sects and denominations in later centuries. It is the Development of Catholicism sketched in the style of an American advertisement. Again, the same argument of apostolicity is driven home by explanations of the vestments used at Mass. They are shown to be the development of the clothes worn in the time of the early Christians, centuries before the anti-liturgical revolutions of Luther and Henry the Eighth. The Church's use of Latin similarly resolves itself into an argument for apostolicity.

Convert-work of any kind requires special fitness and, it seems to me, an abundance of patient zeal and perseverance. Surely the field is a broad one in our country today. The college student and alumnus can help to till the field for the good of others and of himself. All success then to Father Lilly and to thousands, yet to be animated with his inspiration! May college students in the tens of thousands enroll under the banner thus unfolded.

#### WINTER

Gaunt are the hills and the stripped woods desolate.  
Day after day fills a blank eternity;  
Somber is dawn, and sunset somber;  
Faded now are the proud tints autumnal.

Noon finds us cheering our hearts with candlelight,  
Evening with verses of summer idyllic.  
Come: huddle closer to the hearth-fire—  
Snow hangs heavy in the sullen heavens.

But burn on the bare branches fantastical  
Glittering diamonds and pendent icicles  
Tinkling softly as light winds stir them;  
And in the cold earth the spring is sleeping.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

### With Scrip and Staff

THE wonderful thing about all these plans for reforming marriage by abolishing it is that they never seem to contemplate people growing old. They demand that people shall cease helping one another along the road of life once the partner has ceased to be emphatically attractive. When Jack tires of Jill's English accent, or permanent wave, or touch on the harpsichord, it becomes "immoral" for him to live with her any more. And then Jill, if she cannot get a "second chance"—none too profuse, I wot—must perforce look for a living. Thus the straight path leads from the quarrelsome breakfast table to the divorce court, from the judge's decree to the employment bureau, and thence to the bread line.

The marriage engineers presuppose kind papas and mamas to look after the ex-hubbies and ex-wives. They presume the inherited bank account that makes it possible for the ex'es and would-be's to play around in Havana or Deauville. But they leave it to perplexed economists to find bread and butter for ordinary souls who lack the financial backing to engage in the "honest exploring in sex matters" praised by Dr. Hornell Hart, of Bryn Mawr. Particularly in their later years; and not to speak of their offspring, if such occur. Nor has Russia solved this problem.

THE women unemployed! Only the good Lord knows how many are wandering around our large cities looking for some forlorn job as an elderly lady's companion, a secretary who knows no stenography, an untrained social worker, a housekeeper who can neither cook nor make up a budget, a teacher innocent of pedagogy or arithmetic. Only the good Lord can help them; and He does. But the rest of us, alas, cannot, save to include them most earnestly in our prayers. Then fare forth our heroes of "free speech," our heralds of the new day, our paid lecturers and columnists, to set the stage for countless more such victims of fortune in the years soon to come.

One such unemployed lady got the attention the other day of Mr. Joseph Sicker and insisted that he give her a box of apples. Mr. Sicker is the man you have been wondering about who did invent the plan of giving apples to the unemployed to sell. Writes H. L. Cosline in the *American Agriculturist*:

Mr. Sicker was exceedingly busy when I called on him at the Independent Fruit Auction Corporation. This firm donated the use of the fruit auction room as headquarters for the distribution of apples. Each man as he comes in pays his \$1.75, or in case he does not have the money is okayed by Mr. Sicker and given a box without paying for it. The man then takes his card to get his box of apples. It was interesting to notice that the men still had their business sense. The number of apples in a box varies some and several of the men were inquiring as to the size of the apples in their boxes. They naturally wanted the box with the most apples in as they were selling them for five cents apiece regardless of size. Each man was informed that he must take them just as they came.

As for the poor lady sans job:

One woman approached Mr. Sicker with a dollar bill and asked that he trust her for the balance on a box of apples. "We would

rather not have women sell them," said Mr. Sicker. "We are interested in giving the chance to the men who are married and who have families."

"But," the woman said, "I have a husband and he cannot work. What am I going to do?"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Sicker. "I cannot do it."

However, the woman continued to present her case so strongly that suddenly Mr. Sicker called to the man taking in the money and said in a resigned tone of voice, "Say, trust this woman a box of apples."

Mr. Sicker, having presumably common-sense views on such matters, was "resigned" to what he recognized as an unavoidable exception. But no one can be resigned to these exceptions becoming the rule, or more the rule than they are. Yet the new-freedomites are ready to sow this crop and reap the whirlwind. Even the aforesaid Dr. Hornell Hart, who wants to curb sex revolt "by science, not dogma," and to do away with "taboos," frankly admitted last May to the International Congress on Mental Hygiene that "mere freedom is bitterly disappointing as a road to richness of life. Disillusionment, not fulfilment of personality, is the typical outcome of the mere casting aside of repressions and taboos." It is disappointing as a road even to physical existence.

THE Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, was commissioned at the recent general meeting of the Hierarchy of the United States to write and issue, in the name of the entire meeting, a statement on the present grave situation of unemployment. The whole statement should be read and digested, the following in particular:

More than temporary alms is necessary. Justice should be done. This unemployment returning again to plague us after so many repetitions during the century past is a sign of deep failure in our country. Unemployment is the great peace-time physical tragedy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; and both in its cause and in the imprint it leaves upon those who inflict it, those who permit it and those who are its victims, it is one of the great moral tragedies of our time. The failure is not due to lack of intelligence nor any more to ignorance. It is due to lack of good will. It is due to neglect of Christ.

We call upon Catholics, and we ask all, to do more than give alms and more even than take measures to provide work and reduce the present army of the unemployed. Both are imperative. People are suffering and we are obliged to help them. But our country needs, now and permanently, such a change of heart as will, intelligently and with determination, so organize and distribute our work and wealth that no one need lack for any long time the security of being able to earn an adequate living for himself and for those dependent upon him.

Cooperation of Catholics in their organizations and as individuals with the Federal, State and city efforts to reduce unemployment is most commendable. They have already done much. We ask them to do still more. But let them also look to the long-time, deeper-seated and harder task of allowing the likeness of the Saviour of the world to shine through our country's economic institutions. Let them begin with their own work and wealth, and their own relations to property, to employes, to employers, to customers, to their corporation and organization associates. Let the spirit of Christ shine there.

The Archbishop draws the extremely pertinent conclusion that if the advice offered shortly after the War in the joint pastoral letter of the American Bishops, insisting on the living wage as only the *minimum* of justice had been generally followed, this advice "would in itself have gone



far to prevent the calamity we now undergo." "The human and Christian in contrast to the purely commercial and pagan, ethics of industry" will both cure our country of our present malady and prevent its cruel recurrence.

**T**HE Bishops' statement calls especially for the co-operation of all Catholic organizations and they are rapidly coming to the front. The Knights of Columbus report:

Unemployment, the bugaboo of the nation, is being fought on all fronts of the United States today by picked corps of Knights of Columbus, State Deputies numbering forty-eight, more than 700 District Deputies and 2,500 Grand Knights are leading shock troops in the form of employment committees in an intensive drive against the enemy. To the headquarters of the employment service here come encouraging reports from all over the country.

In Delaware, Bishop Edmond J. Fitzmaurice, honorary chairman of the Knights of Columbus Employment committee, is starting a diocesan building program which will cost more than a quarter of a million dollars and give work to many men.

Other undertakings are reported from New York State, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey, and so on:

Tulsa, Oklahoma, Council 1104, had printed cards passed out at all Masses in the Catholic churches of the city on a recent Sunday. Each card bore the address and telephone number of the Knights Employment Bureau and a request that available jobs of any nature be listed on the cards and the cards turned in. On the next Sunday, the council again issued cards, this time to be filled in by those out of work. . . .

The entire employment program is being directed from the bureau here which is in charge of Peter W. Collins, who was also in charge of the employment service established by the Order after the World War and which placed 500,000 ex-service men in jobs.

A similar announcement is made by the Catholic Daughters of America:

Full and hearty cooperation of 2,000 subordinate courts and 200,000 members of the Catholic Daughters of America throughout the United States, to help secure relief in the existing unemployment situation in the nation, was today pledged by Miss Mary C. Duffy of Newark, Supreme Regent of the Catholic Daughters' order, to Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, chairman of President Herbert Hoover's Emergency Committee for Unemployment. The support of the officers and members of the Catholic Daughters of America was assured by Miss Duffy, in response to the request of Dr. Gilbreth that the order assist in helping to solve the unemployment problem confronting almost every city and state in the country.

In New York City the Franciscan Fathers are providing meals for 3,000 to 4,000 persons daily.

**F**ATHER MAX KASSIEPE, O.M.I., writing in *Theologie und Glaube* for December urges that parish missions, contrary to some prevailing fears, be held particularly in a time of distress like the present. Parish missions, he says, are an extraordinary aid for souls and extraordinary needs need extraordinary remedies. The mission if rightly conducted is a wonderful means of bringing home to the people the consoling and strengthening element of our Faith just as well as its grave warnings. And he adds:

A mission in a time like this should provide a penetrating solid instruction on the commandment of brotherly love. Many people are embittered to an unusual degree and their bitterness is continually being fomented by irresponsible agitators. An almost morbid habit has grown up of complaining of everything and everybody; a habit of criticism, envy and suspicion combined with

excuses for everything that is wrong in one's own personal conduct. There is nothing that will show better the difference, even to the plainest sort of person, between the sterile doctrinaire spirit of Socialism and the living constructive spirit of Christendom as an explanation of the Christian commandment of the love of neighbor.

Lent in 1931 will offer many trials, but at the same time it may be made into a school of love and a school of true Catholic spirit for our people.

**U**NFORESEEN disasters are particularly trying at the present time. Writes Dr. James J. Walsh:

I have a little note before me from the pastor of St. Gregory's, Stratford-on-Avon. I met him while in Stratford some years ago. He is a Benedictine.

He tells me that last winter's gales practically unroofed his church and that the nine hundred pounds of expense involved in the repair is a heavy burden for his little parish.

He wonders whether Catholics in America might not help him if they knew of his need. Americans are pouring large sums of money out for the erection of the new theater for Shakespeare's plays. Even a little of that would assure a proper abode for Emmanuel in Shakespeare's Stratford.

Such may be one of those bounties that "grow the more by reaping."  
THE PILGRIM.

#### THE MARRIAGE MAKERS

Today I married Martha,

I married her to Jim;

He was huge and handsome,

She was sweet and slim.

We went to make a wedding:

Boy, girl, and priest,

Before Our Lady's altar,

Upon Our Lady's Feast.

She in her dove-white slippers

Stood on the marble stair;

He was a beaming bridegroom,

Faultless from heels to hair;

And linking their lives together,

Getting their story told,

I, too, was rather splendid,

Vested in gown of gold.

Lifting her lily finger

Looped in a yellow band,

I helped him to tell the message

Her heart would understand.

We managed it all in whispers,

And mine were the phrases lent

To Love in its perfect moment,

Love in its Sacrament.

But now it all is over,

And off they ride to town,

And I by Mary's altar

Wait in my golden gown;

Robed in my shining armor,

Girded for God to guess

How, in my white betrothal,

All in my loneliness,

Merry I make espousals,

Hiding no secret sorrow.

And I shall marry Rosemary

And Christopher tomorrow.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

## Dramatics

### Our Plays and Players

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE present custom of many of our producers is to take a garbage can, tie a blue bow on it, label it "Easter lilies" and offer it to the public. That has been done in the case of "Scarlet Sister Mary," Ethel Barrymore's new medium at the Ethel Barrymore Theater; but in an inspired moment Lee Shubert tossed into the garbage can for good measure the most engaging three-months-old pickaninny in greater New York, and it all but saves the play.

If there were nothing but that pickaninny in "Scarlet Sister Mary" the show would be a record-breaker. Unfortunately there are other things. And just at the moment when the pickaninny is joyously tying himself into a knot no sailor could untie, the audience is expected to turn its attention to "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Miss Barrymore) and her husband, July (Walter Gilbert), who are having a farewell scene of supposed poignancy and pathos. But it is the pickaninny's scene, and though the star and her leading man try to get into it by saying to each other at intervals, "Look at the baby *now*," the effort is futile. The entire audience is looking at the baby every minute, and well it may. Never was there a three-months-old baby on any stage which could utter so many gurgles a minute or stick its thumb into its father's eye with such unerring accuracy. The infant's name, by the way, is Albert Ridge, and we shall see it in electric lights on some theater next season unless the baby loses his head and becomes temperamental. At present he is merely joyous.

As to the play itself, to get back to the lesser interest, Miss Barrymore's public is still wondering why she decided to appear in it and what it is all about. One of our press critics thinks he knows. He assures us that "Scarlet Sister Mary" is the symbol of eternal motherhood. Lilies. Let's look into that a bit.

The play, of course, was adapted from Miss Peterkin's much-read book. Mary is a Negro woman, married in the first act and deserted by her husband a year later, just when their baby is at its best. (We were bound to get back to that child.) In the next nineteen years Mary has something like nineteen lovers and twenty-nine babies, roughly estimated, she having dropped a few pairs of twins into the years. Is this eternal motherhood, or is it merely perpetual motherhood? Or is it perchance something else again? Or was she trying (and certainly failing) to produce another baby equal to that first one? Such speculations help to while away the tedium of the play, but they lead us nowhere except to the sad conclusion that Sister Mary was not really a high type of womanhood and that the blue bow and the lily label does not conceal the garbage.

However, at the end of the twenty years that baby dies—if you'll believe it—for, of course, we've got back to that baby once more. He is now a husky lad of nineteen and we are mighty sorry to see him go, even though some

of his first charm has faded with time. His death brings his mother face to face with the knowledge that there has been something wrong about this eternal motherhood of hers. That is Miss Barrymore's one big moment, and she makes the most of it.

An excellent company, including Estelle Winwood, Beatrice Terry, Horace Braham and Ethel Barrymore Colt, struggles valiantly but vainly with the dialect of the Gullah Negroes. Miss Colt, Ethel Barrymore's daughter, who graduated at one of our best American convents a year or so ago, is making her debut in this play and there are two interesting little scenes between her and her distinguished mother which the audiences follow with admiring affection. She, too, will see her name in electric lights some day—but what a pity that she had to begin in "black face"!

Last winter the great theatrical success of the season was "Green Pastures," which is still with us and which thoroughly deserves all the high tribute it receives. This year's "knock-out," as the producers put it, is "Grand Hotel," a play written by one Vicki Balim, a woman playwright hitherto unknown to our shores. Following the play's phenomenal success in Germany, Herman Shumlin and Harry Moses brought it to us and are presenting it at the National Theater. Never has it been more difficult to get seats for a production. Never has a play been given before more crowded houses. Every seat is taken. Standees fill all available space for standees.

Watching the progress of the play the other day I wondered why all this is true. It is extremely interesting, but so are many other plays on our stage. It is beautifully acted, but so are practically all our plays, even the worst ones. I suppose it is a certain element of novelty in subject and presentation which hits the public so hard. We are shown some of the happenings which take place within thirty-six hours in a de luxe Berlin hotel. We look into the rooms of various guests and follow what is happening there. We see the great dancer who is near the end of her career; we see the little clerk who has been told that he must die in a few months and who is spending all his savings in a frantic effort to live before he dies; we see the German captain of industry in Berlin put over a great business coup; and we get the comedy, drama, or tragedy of their individual experiences. It is all a bit disjointed and episodic, but it is drawn together at the end, for by that time the lives of these people have been briefly interwoven. We see so-called love-making, carried to the limit, and throughout the action of the play we are subjected to the frankly pagan philosophy that one is alive only in those moments when one's emotions are profoundly stirred. There are half a dozen plays in New York I personally found more interesting than "Grand Hotel." But it is a bit "different," if that is what one wants.

As an example of an interesting racketeer play I can point trustfully to Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot," produced by the Shuberts at Edgar Wallace's Forest Theater and starring Crane Wilbur, Anna May Wong and Glenda Farrell. There are no dull moments in this melodrama, in which the highlights throw up the personalities of Chicago gangsters. But the highest light of all falls on



Anna May Wong, a Chinese girl, whose acting is among the very best on our stage this year and whose beautiful English is a lesson in diction to every person in her audience. There is a lot of killing in "On the Spot." In fact, "On the Spot" means killing; and the hero, Tony Perelli, is supposed to have twenty murders on his soul. There is also a suicide and there is considerable miscellaneous love-making. But everything is relative. Compared to the majority of our offerings this season, "On the Spot" is a kitchen bouquet, and Crane Wilbur does wonders with the leading role.

"Art and Mrs. Bottle," Jane Cowl's offering at the Maxine Elliott Theater, under the management of Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Verner Reed, is one of those numerous plays in which an erring mother who has deserted her children in their infancy comes back twenty years later and straightens out all their tangled affairs. Naturally it is not convincing. In the first place, her children would not let her straighten out their affairs: and in the second, she could not do it anyway, anywhere except on the stage. But Miss Cowl is still beautiful and an inspired actress. One is amused by her worldly philosophy and impressed by her clothes, though really that magenta gown in the last act—However, that is neither here nor there. It is merely on Miss Cowl, to the considerable eyestrain of the observer. The Authors' League has frequent "bundle sales" for the benefit of the Authors' Fund. It can sell almost any gown one gives it. I really believe it could sell that particular gown of Miss Cowl's. I will be glad to give the address, if she will telephone!

Mary Boland in "The Vinegar Tree" is as good, and as bad, as Mary Boland was in "Cradle Snatchers"; and the new play is a worthy successor to that malodorous offering. No one knows what the title means, but that does not matter. One knows so well what the play means, if you know what *I* mean, that it is all one can endure, anyway. By any name "The Vinegar Tree" is just another garbage can with its blue bow. But at least the producer, Dwight Deere Wiman, does not label it lilies. That is something to be merry about, this month.

This is something else—something dark and sinister which I am going to confide to AMERICA's readers in the strictest confidence. Come over, please, to this dim, quiet corner. John Peter Toohey, the fine, upstanding Irish Catholic press representative of "The Greeks Have a Word for It," recently sent me two seats for that play, by request, and added this pregnant note. "We send the seats; but if you don't like the play Mr. Harris begs you *not* to write about it!" That's why I have no word for that play, though the Greeks had!

#### VERSIFIERS

Come, Sleep, give o'er this doggerel  
Wherein you ape Death's poesy!  
Yours, the signifiable;  
His, unsymbolized mystery.

And you? Nay, Friendship, at the best  
You're but a rhymester matching words;  
Nor may, Love-like, compose a nest  
From sheen o' straw for dream o' birds.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

#### REVIEWS

**Swift.** By CARL VAN DOREN. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00.

Carl Van Doren's latest work on Jonathan Swift is of particular interest inasmuch as it differs so essentially in treatment from the work of other men of the modern school of biographers such as Ludwig, Maurois and Strachey. One wonders, as a matter of conjecture, whether it would not be more precise to say that he differs in "attitude" rather than in "treatment"; but the counsel of mature reflection seems to be that attitude and treatment being cause and effect in the case of the vast majority of other authors, they are also practically interchangeable. Mr. Van Doren, on the contrary, has not allowed his personal attitude (or philosophy) to enter the present work. His "Swift" is particularly so because of the absence of conclusions based principally on psychological analysis rather than upon actual documentation and historical data. It is praiseworthy for its reserve and clearheadedness in dealing with the subject of Stella and Vanessa, so frequently hailed as the mistresses of the raging Dean of St. Patrick's. In substance he says that there is no positive historical evidence that the relation between Swift and these two ladies was other than honorable or more than an intellectual affiliation or tutorship; on the contrary all the evidence would seem to indicate that the latter was true—and even if the former were true it was not this phase of his existence that constituted Swift the genius and the man that he was. In point of bulk the biography is brief, concise in the sense of being complete. It is clear, sober and meditative; it is sympathetic with the friendliness of impartiality. It is authentic, with all the life and motion of real historical data. It has background, color and contemporaneity in the sense that the whole is familiar and natural to the author. It is ironic as Swift, whose beginning and end were ironic. It is complete in not saying too much. In style it is mindful of Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." "Jonathan Swift" as a book possesses Strachey's fine-chiseled expression, but it is not as easy to digest or assimilate as "Elizabeth and Essex." The latter fact is so true that we are led to turn from the last pages of Van Doren to a re-reading of that splendid and masterful chronicle, "Gulliver's Travels." P. M., Jr.

**The Growth of the American Republic.** By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON and HENRY STEELE COMMAGER. New York: Oxford University Press. \$6.00.

This book should be read aloud amid the intimacy of the family circle, with every member of the fireside group privileged to interrupt, and sing, recite or act the appropriate song, tale or incident suggested or related. Delight, too, would be increased if certain substitutions or additions were made, e.g., "The Conquered Banner" would be a more fitting close to Section 8, Ch. XXXIV, than "John Brown's Body" and the insertion of the "Sword of Lee"; "Paul Revere" and "Sheridan's Ride" would do much to gratify the readers. The statement, pages 283-4, "The Catholic Bishop of New Orleans and the Mother Superior of the Ursuline convent gave Burr their support and blessing" is completely in error. For at the time of the Burr incident the See of New Orleans was vacant (1801-1815). It is not the practice of nuns, not even of a Mother Superior, to give a "blessing." Besides the special loyalty of the Ursulines at New Orleans is amply attested by letters, highly treasured, from the pens of President Jefferson and President Madison. The gravely suspected, if not actually treasonable, projects of Aaron Burr received neither support nor blessing from the loyal Ursulines. The entire account, too, covering the Wilson policies in Mexico should be checked up with the story told in the book "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico," by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy (Harpers) (Reviewed in AMERICA, Vol. XV, p. 237, by R.H.T.), wherein a totally different impression from that conveyed in Messrs. Morison and Commager is given. The style of this book in certain passages approaches the highly delightful style of Washington Irving and the general excellence of the work, apart from the questions herein noted, is deeply satisfying.

M. J. S.

**Molière.** By JOHN PALMER. New York: Brewer and Warren, Inc. \$5.00.

This book is unpretentious but thorough and is therefore a source of satisfaction if not of downright joy to a discerning reader. It stands out in refreshing contrast to fictionized biography. It deals with some hoary fictions, and none too savory romances, unmercifully. The result is both merciful and just to the much maligned subject of the book. The result, far from being prosy or dry is a narrative of sustained interest throughout and a portrait that has the true romance of humanity in it and more than a suspicion of the heroic. This portrait is made all the more vividly real and interesting by being set against a carefully wrought background of one of the most picturesque and alluring periods in history. But the background is not for itself and, however inviting, is never intrusive. The author's previous training as dramatic critic, journalist and writer of books both in fiction and criticism, have fitted him admirably for this undertaking. The facts of Molière's life are made to stand forth boldly and with a vividness that shows the journalist at his best. The legends are presented with an appreciation that may be expected from a creator of novels. The masterpieces of the dramatist are analyzed and evaluated with a deftness and a freedom from academic dryness that make the book one of lasting value to the student and one of pleasing instruction for the casual reader. The chapters anyone would be least tempted to skip are those in which the great plays are outlined and estimated. The defense of Molière's dramatic structure on the ground that his one aim was the unfolding of a character rather than the telling of a story, the display of manners or the play of passion is well sustained and must command respect even where it may not bring thorough conviction. The controversies that have raged about Molière's marriage, some of his great plays, his religious convictions and his death and burial are handled in a spirit that leaves us satisfied that we have gotten as near the truth as surviving data will permit.

M. McN.

**George Washington.** By SHELBY LITTLE. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. \$5.00.

Mr. Little, in this interesting and detailed biography of our first President, attempts no "debunking" and no whispering of apocryphal anecdotes about his famous subject. Instead, he attempts to give, as he says in the preface, "the record of Washington's life, based on his words and actions and the words and actions of his contemporaries." This does not mean that the author effaces himself, for the narrative runs along pleasantly and often wittily in a style that is indisputably Mr. Little's own. After the torrid orations of several generations of Fourth of July speakers and the dithyrambs poured forth by the authors of some American textbooks, this volume comes as a welcome relief. Here Washington appears against a truly historical background and not against a theatrical backdrop painted for the edification of the gaping masses. Mr. Little shows us a Washington who was personally brave and who had the indefinable knack of keeping together a ragged, dissatisfied army. Just how he did so, Mr. Little does not explain, probably because it cannot be explained save by saying that Washington was a born soldier. During most of his life, he was the idol of the populace, but how he engendered this popularity is not explained either. Probably that too was because he was a soldier. In spite of the jacket's assurance that "Here is a Washington who lives and breathes and walks the world of men," we do not seem to feel him so. He was too reserved, too formal in life, for even Mr. Little's talent completely to revive him for us. He comes nearest to our hearts on that December afternoon when he lay in his room at Mount Vernon awaiting death. The various campaigns of the Revolution are fully and clearly explained. The trials of the framers of the Constitution are admirably described, as are the devious politics of the post-revolutionary period and Washington's part in them. For this is not only Washington's story—it is the story of the early United States—and a most interesting one. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and has a copious index and bibliography.

W. C. S.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Educating the Negro.**—Those who still entertain the idea that interest in the education of the Negro is a purely Northern attribute will do well to read Benjamin Brawley's account of "Dr. Dillard of the Jeanes Fund" (Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.75). It tells the story of one of the most human and practical of living educators, widely known through his administration of the Jeanes and the Slater educational funds. Harvard University, in 1923, conferred the LL.D. degree upon James Hardy Dillard as "A citizen of Virginia who has perceived the educational needs of both races in the South, and, working for both, has won from each esteem and confidence." In 1929, Straight College, for Negroes, in New Orleans, New Orleans University, and the Flint-Goodrich Hospital and Training School were merged into "Dillard University." In his long and active career, Dr. Dillard has shown himself a champion of accuracy and "genuineness" in education, and a firm friend of Catholic educational methods.

Previous brief accounts of the Penn School, on St. Helena Island, S. C., are supplemented by "School Acres: an Adventure in Education" (Yale Univ. Press. \$2.50). The author of this interesting little volume, Miss Rossa B. Cooley, transformed, twenty-five years ago, the old academic "New England school," for the Negro community on St. Helena, which had been founded by Miss Laura Towne, into one of the most famous community-school undertakings of the present day. Through the varied and intelligent program which Miss Cooley developed, Penn School has become a sort of laboratory for that type of school, and has proved an inspiration to other similar institutions. Bringing the farm to the classroom, bringing the school to the local community were the two great tasks which she set herself to accomplish.

**Russia.**—Amidst the flood of literature put forth by enthusiastic "discoverers" of Soviet Russia, an increasing number of quiet, plain-speaking witnesses are making themselves heard. "Twice Born in Russia," (William Morrow. \$2.00), by Natalia Petrova, is an unpretentious, but highly informative story of what intelligent Russian women went through in a period of seven years' time. It is said to be the first authentic book to come out of Russia by a woman who lived through the Revolution in its entirety. Incredible hardships endured to support herself and her sick child are quietly told. At the peak of her trials she met Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., then Director of the Pontifical Relief Mission in Russia, whom she describes simply as "a kind-looking man with grey hair"; and she found prompt aid with so many other sufferers through the Mission's inventive charity. In the chapter entitled "The Country" she relates the difficulty felt by people even of the best of will to cross the abyss that seemed to separate them from the servile, but ever-suspicious peasants. "The sense of our solitude amongst this mass of people whom we were unable to understand, filled me with dread."

Bernard Edelhartz, author of "The Russian Paradox," (The Walton Book Company), is a level-headed Jew, who is inclined to praise the good rather than to ferret out the evil. Particularly concerned for Jewish colony enterprise, he sought to weigh what positive advantages might be found under the Soviet regime. His conclusions are skeptical. "Whatever may have been the original intentions of the Communists," he remarks, "they have failed completely to carry out the basic principle of their teaching, that all men are born equal. . . . In present-day Russia they certainly fare differently in every walk of life. . . . Stalin's salary may be as small as a miner's, but his actual manner of living is that of an Oriental potentate." He believes that there is little left of the original program, and that the force of facts will increasingly weaken the Soviet regime, by compelling it to make greater and greater concessions to private initiative and enterprise.

Careful study of abundant written material on the last days of Czar Nicholas II, together with her own experiences of the Court, enabled Catherine Radziwill, with the collaboration of Grace Adele Catherwood, to write a graphic life-story of the little Czarevitch Alexei, around whose strange ailment so much of that terrible tragedy appeared to hinge. Intimate features for the story were



furnished by Pierre Gilliard, the boy's tutor for thirteen years. The story of this child, the object of such intense affection, of such care and such folly, seems to sum up the whole destiny of the Romanoffs. "Child of Pity" (Sears. \$2.50) is a book which merits a wide circle of readers.

**For Young Readers.**—A capital story for boys is "Red Horse Hill" (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50), by Stephen W. Meader. It is all about boys and horses. "Bud Martin" and "Tug," his bull terrier of a pal, reverse the usual procedure and leave the city to seek their fortune on the farm. They find it in the New Hampshire hills, where the lightning-swift roan colt, "Cedar," helps considerably. This is a "horsy" story that, especially in the excitement of the championship snow races, rises to heights that thrill the reader.

"The Mystery of Navajo Canyon" (Century. \$2.00), by Hildergarde Hawthorne, is a readable boys' book. Adventures and mystery and treasure trove are well set off against an accurately written background of prehistoric Indian villages in Arizona. The Catholic details, incidental to the telling, are sympathetically handled.

Mary Biddle Fittler's "Kid" (Harper. \$2.00), is a quasi-sequel to the authoress' "Reddy." "Kid," the hero, is "Mary Sue," and masquerading as a boy she has many improbable adventures with boys. One of these ventures that Catholics cannot approve of, is "Mary-Sue's" successful attempt to raise funds to send a presumably Catholic boy to a non-Catholic preparatory school.

"No. 8 Joy Street" (Appleton. \$2.50) is a medley of prose and verse, exquisitely illustrated, which will bring joy to any good boy or girl, who is fortunate enough to have Santa Claus leave it on his Christmas trip.—"The Boy Scouts Year Book" (Appleton. \$2.50), edited by Franklin K. Matthiews, will keep any live boy quietly poring over its pages for many an hour, and then—? Well, he will have many another happy hour trying out some of the tricks taught him by good old Dan Beard and others.

The memories of an Irish lad which Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C. has been publishing serially in the *Ave Maria* have now been collected into a volume entitled "Patch" (Ave Maria Press. \$1.50). And it is one of the happiest, brightest, most vivacious stories of a boy's life that one could wish to read. Patch smiles most impishly from the light green wrapper, and he smiles through every chapter within. No, he does not smile always; he is sometimes terrified, sometimes apprehensive lest his iniquities should be visited with condign punishment by the mother, or old Burke, or someone in authority. But the smile emerges after each cloud vanishes. Father Carroll has the gift of spinning a story and filling it with humor and wisdom. His dialogue is even more sprightly than his narrative. This is the sort of book that makes one feel young again.

**Translating Chaucer.**—Geoffrey Chaucer was a poet, an old and a great poet and wag, who has had many poetic descendants in English but dwarfs them all, Kiplings and Masfelds though they be. One of the difficulties about Chaucer's poems was that they were written in Chaucerian English, that Middle English which is enough like a foreign language to be understood only by aspirants for the Ph.D., and enough like our own language to tempt us to read it and conclude that we had an idea of what the poet meant. "The Canterbury Tales: Six Tales and Six Lyrics" (Longmans. \$3.50) has been "translated" by Frank Ernest Hill. The translation consists in making intelligible that which would be apprehended with difficulty in the original. Mr. Hill has turned the poems into our modern language, keeping, however, as much as possible the rhythm and cadence and vigor of the Chaucer verse. The resultant is a most attractive text; it is not Chaucer himself but it is authentically Chaucerian. Special notice should be taken of the six lyrics, perhaps not so well known as the "Canterbury Tales" but sufficient in themselves to make Chaucer a poet. The striking black and white drawings and illustrations are by Hermann Rosse. In all, this deluxe Chaucer is a delight.

**The Gold Shoe. The Praying Monkey. The Silent Witness. Tales from Far and Near. Strong Poison.**

"The Gold Shoe" (Lippincott. \$2.00), by Grace Livingston Hill, is an unusual novel. Though filled with love and disaster, enough to interest the average novel-reader, yet the far deeper appeal of a human heart yearning for the security of a religious anchorage is the magnet that attracts and holds attention. A fair young society butterfly, daughter of a multi-millionaire, a father twice divorced, and thrice married, steps from a Pullman palace car into a terrific blizzard at a deserted and locked wayside station, whence she is rescued from imminent death and lodged in a neat but humble home. Here attended and harbored by a sweet and gentle old lady and her stalwart son, this young pagan girl for the first time in life comes in contact with a living faith in God, and a confident trust in His benign Providence. The little golden shoe, lost in the storm, recovered by the hero is ultimately restored, and comfort of foot is synchronized with peace of mind and tranquillity of soul.

Those who like plenty of lusty adventure in their mystery stories will enjoy "The Praying Monkey" (Dial. \$2.00). The author, Gavin Holt, gives us at least one good hand-to-hand fight and a pitched battle between the regular soldiers of San Jacinto and a band of cut-throat rebels. The action starts in earnest when the heroine, Janet Marr, arrives in San Jacinto to find her father missing. The next day, she herself is missing. Her lover, a young American, Roger Lang, takes a hand in the affair and then he, too, joins the ranks of the missing. But not for long. He stumbles across a revolutionary plot, secures the aid of the government and of an amateur detective, Professor Bastion, and starts on the trail of the rebels and the missing father and daughter. What happens, we leave the reader to find out for himself.

Colonel Braxton was a Virginia gentleman, a lawyer by profession, a sleuth as an adjunct to that profession. His name and reputation were great throughout that State. Apparently hopeless cases became less hopeless if Colonel Braxton was counsel for the defense. Always he was able to find some fact that changed the whole aspect of the case and he presented that fact in court with great dramatic effect. In "The Silent Witness" (Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.00), Melville Davisson Post has given a number of the Colonel's cases. The character of the Colonel is well drawn and the dramatic suspense well sustained. The stories are entertaining enough, although anyone who reads the blurb first may consider himself let down by the actual tales.

Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott have added another volume to their collections of stories. Having apparently exhausted the home products they have sought for material from other lands and called their recent anthology "Tales from Far and Near" (Appleton. \$3.00). In this volume have been assembled the works of such writers as Maxim Gorki, Knut Hamsun, Thomas Mann, Willa Cather, Liam O'Flaherty, John Galsworthy and Achmed Abdullah. With commendable frankness the editors announce that this is a volume of "all sorts and conditions of fiction-in-brief"; and they warn the reader not to expect too much.

The editor of "The Omnibus of Crime," and the originator of that strange and whimsical character known as Lord Peter Wimsey, has called back again her Americanized British nobleman to help in the solution of the mystery surrounding the strange death of Philip Boyes. Dorothy L. Sayers has discovered a new avenue of approach to what seems from the start to be a clear case against Harriet Vane, the young and attractive writer of thrillers and mystery yarns, who at the time of Philip's death seemed to have used her former lover as a subject for experiment in her studies of arsenical poisoning. Miss Climpson saves the case from ending with a verdict against Miss Vane; and after the third chapter, Lord Peter undertakes the double burden of winning the jury for Miss Vane and Harriet for himself. Unique in many features, the story is permeated with delicate touches of satire on the revolt, so-called, of the "advanced" set. In spite of the threatening terror of the jacket design, "Strong Poison" (Brewer and Warren. \$2.00) is a story with thrills without horrors and amusement without mental strain.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### St. Michael's Navajos in Need

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For over twenty-five years, the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, with offices at 105 E. Twenty-second Street, New York City, has made it a practice at Christmas time to appeal for one of the neediest Indian missions in this country or Alaska. This year the special appeal is made in response to the sincere and urgent request of Father Jerome Hesse, O.F.M., St. Michael's Mission, St. Michael, Arizona. Father Jerome writes:

We have two pressing problems. First, we have 325 children in our boarding school this year who must be fed and cared for. We have no funds. We will need money for a large supply of flour to make bread, for other foodstuffs to nourish their young bodies, and for coal to keep out the winter's cold. Unless your members come to our assistance, this Christmas will be sad for our children, and this winter a desperate one for us all. I know they will not refuse us. No gift, as I need hardly tell you, means more in good results than an offering for the care of the little ones of Christ. Charity to little children would seem almost a ticket of admission to the friendship of Christ who loved little children.

Our other great problem is a small dispensary and hospital for our aged and sick Catholic Navajos. With the help of two of our Brothers, one a competent carpenter, the other a skilled mason, we can build a modest and substantial shelter for about \$3,500.

I know your generous members and friends will not turn a deaf ear to my urgent appeal this Christmas time and the Christ Child in return will bring them every blessing.

Father Jerome's appeal has the hearty approval of his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, D.D., Bishop of Tucson, Arizona. For over twenty-five years the Franciscan Fathers and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament have labored at St. Michael's Mission. In that time they have been instrumental in bringing to the Faith over 5,000 pagan Navajos.

New York.

(REV.) WILLIAM FLYNN,  
Secretary General.

### A Personal Explanation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My name has been mentioned in the newspapers, lately, in a connection different from the literary one to which I am accustomed. As the reports of the press have been rather inaccurate, you will do me a favor if you see your way to printing the following remarks intended to place the facts in their true perspective.

About a year ago I signed a contract with a lecture bureau, under the management of Mr. W. C. Leigh, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York. All my engagements have been arranged for by this bureau. In April of this year, I was asked whether I would debate, at the Mecca Temple, with Dr. C. F. Potter, on the question, "Is Religion Necessary?" I bought Dr. Potter's books, read them, and having read them agreed to the debate. My intention was, of course, to limit myself to the historical and psychological point of view.

In September, vacationing in a far-away village in Northern France, I received a cable urging me to give an immediate answer to the suggestion: Would I debate with Mr. C. Darrow instead of with Dr. Potter? Mr. Darrow was only known to me by a few articles in the magazine, and I was chiefly interested in the subject of the debate. So I replied in the affirmative, only specifying that I wanted the subject to be the same, so that several weeks' reading would not be wasted.

On arriving in New York, early in October, I wrote to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York a long letter, in which I submitted to His Eminence the line of argument I had planned to follow in the debate. This letter crossed a courteous one from the Chancellor, Msgr. Thomas S. Carroll, asking me to call at the Chancery as a special permission was necessary for a debate on a religious question. At the Chancery, Father McIntyre, in the

absence of Msgr. Carroll, told me that permission could not be granted unless I applied to Rome. It has not been my habit to appeal to Rome from the decisions of my superiors, and I instantly cancelled the engagement.

Such a procedure has nothing in it exceptionally meritorious and it sounds simple enough. In reality, it is not so simple as it seems, and involves multitudinous complications, even of a financial order.

The Discussion Guild, through which the debate had been arranged for with Mr. Leigh, then thought of a lecture which Father McIntyre, in our conversation, had said would be possible. I have been traveling constantly, from coast to coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, since my arrival, and I heard of this in a letter. However, on November 17, happening to be in New York, I was called upon by Mr. Novik, the manager of the Discussion Guild, just when my taxi was at the door, five minutes before my departure for New Orleans. Mr. Novik said that the lecture would take place at the Community Church—an auditorium I had never heard of, and the name of which I did not even catch—and he added a few words about business. I asked about the acoustics of the hall and left in considerable hurry.

Ten days later, I was in Los Angeles when I received a wire from Msgr. Carroll, saying that Article 1256 of the Canon Law barred the place where I was to lecture. I replied by air mail that if it was so, the auditorium should be changed and the moment I was back in New York, it was changed, with not a little trouble, by Mr. Novik.

These two incidents have been, I fully realize, a source of annoyance not only to myself but to the Chancery, to my managers, and to Dr. Holmes. I can only regret it deeply with the bare remark that in no case was the initiative on my side.

New York.

ERNEST DIMNET,  
Can. Cam.

### "The Century of the Immaculate Conception"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his article under the above caption appearing in the issue of AMERICA for December 6, Father Husslein says that "the first dedication of the United States to the Immaculate Conception was made by Father Andrew White, S.J., about 1640."

Perhaps it will interest not a few of your readers to learn that the exact year when this dedication by Father White took place was 1633, probably early in December.

On November 22, 1633, Fathers White and Altham had started on their voyage aboard the good ship Ark from the Isle of Wight to Lord Baltimore's colony in Maryland.

In the midst of a three days' storm which continued waxing in fury, all control of the rudder being lost, and the ship drifting helplessly at the mercy of the elements, the Fathers conducted a fruitful mission among the Catholics aboard; and Father White made the first dedication of the new country beyond the seas to the glory of the Redeemer and to the Immaculate Virgin His Mother, as a substitute for the "Dowry of Mary" which England had been and which America was to be.

The source of my information is the "History of the Society of Jesus in America, Colonial and Federal," by Thomas Hughes, S.J., reissue of 1908 (Vol. I, pp. 274-277).

Grand Rapids, O.

(REV.) JOSEPH LUDWIG.

### "The Soul of Education"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., the new President of Fordham University, is well quoted, in the issue of AMERICA for December 6, where he is cited as saying: "The soul of all education is religion."

May God bless Father Hogan, and may his words be shouted from the housetops! No country has as many schools as has ours, and still we have a world-wide reputation for lawlessness. The Gospel of Christ has been excluded from too many of our schools, and crime is the outcome of its exclusion. The words of Christ still hold true: "Without me you can do nothing."

Denton, Tex.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.